In This Issue

VOLUME 150 NOVEMBER 28, 1928 NUMBER 13

From Publisher—To You . . 1225

Water Mill, Long Island . . 1226
Etching by CHILDE HASSAM

Articles

Your Other Self 1227
By HARVEY O'HIGGINS

The Sunny Side of Dixie's Mills 1230
By CHARLES G. MULLER

Back to Bread and Circuses . 1233
By CHESTER T. CROWELL

Foreign Policy on the Half-Shell 1249
By JOHN CARTER

The World This Week

Back to Normalcy . . . 1238
Valedictory 1238
Shipwreck 1239
Speed on the Seas . . . 1240
Our Navy's Policy . . . 1240
Oil Trials Flow On . . . 1240
Hospital Costs 1241
Nice Longshoremen . . . 1241
Peasant Rule in Rumania . . 1241
Poincaré Tries Again . . . 1241
A Simple Scheme 1242
William Hamlin Childs . . 1242
Rights of the Press . . . 1242
Cashing in for Eli 1243
Lifeboats of the Air . . . 1243
Texas "Hoovercrats" . . . 1243
An Execution Is Halted . . 1244
Men on Horseback . . . 1244
Remember These Two . . . 1244

Editorials

Our Course in Mexico . . . 1245
Sense—and Sensibility . . 1245

Departments

Foreign Opinion 1235
By MALCOLM DAVIS

"—If You Know What I Mean" 1236
By WALTON MORTON

Sport 1237
By HERBERT REED

From the Life 1246
By IBBY HALL

The Theatre 1247
By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

Music 1248
By EUGENE BONNER

The Movies 1251
By A. M. SHERWOOD, JR.

Ivory, Apes and Peacocks . . 1252
By W. R. BROOKS

Financial 1253
By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

Children's Story 1262
Edited by HARRIET E. DAVIS

Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCIS LAMONT ROBBINS 1254

Reviews by THE EDITOR, EDWARD HALE BIERSTADT, WILLIAM FRAUENGLASS, RUTH SUCKOW *and* W. T. ADEE

Readers and Writers . . . 1257
By ERNEST BOYD

Picked at Random 1258
By WALTER R. BROOKS

FRANCIS RUFUS BELLAMY, Publisher-Editor

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

PARKHURST WHITNEY WALTER R. BROOKS ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT
MALCOLM WATERS DAVIS HAROLD T. PULSIFER FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS
RICHARD E. DANIELSON STEWART BEACH CHRISTIAN A. HERTER
JOHN LANGDON LEIGHTON HELEN W. CHANDLER

WILLIAM L. ETTINGER, JR., Advertising Manager
WILLIAM A. GREVERS, Circulation Manager

The Outlook and Independent is indexed in the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature

THE OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT, November 28, 1928. Volume 150, Number 13, Published weekly by The Outlook Company at 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y. Subscription price $5.00 a year. Single copies 15 cents each. Foreign subscription to countries in the Postal Union, $6.56. Entered as second-class matter, July 21, 1893, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., and July 20, 1928, at the Post Office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1928, by The Outlook Company.

AT FIRST GLANCE, the statement that the Outlook and Independent will be pre-eminently a magazine of the future during this coming year, does not seem very striking—until one begins to reflect upon the great part, the preponderant part, which the future plays in human life.

WALL STREET, for instance, deals principally with the future: Credit. The securities listed on the Exchange are issued mostly on futurities—hope of future profit. Most religions concern themselves in great part with a future which even extends beyond this world into another. Navies are built as insurance against a possible future. All savings are a recognition of the future. Schools and colleges educate for the future. Manufacturers advertise for the future. Political parties think of little except the future.

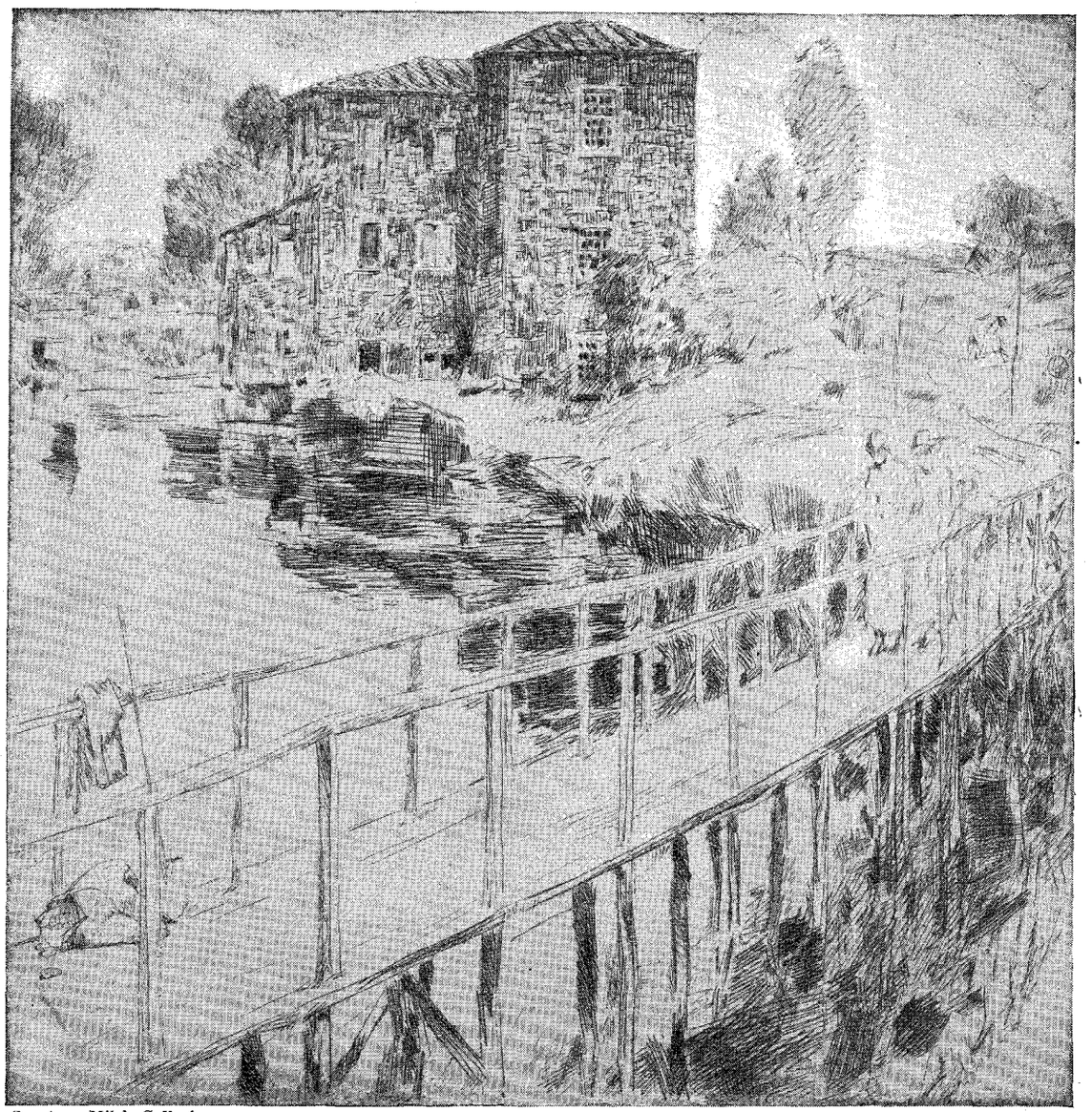
THE MOMENT, indeed, that one begins to consider the subject the clearer it becomes that Life itself—at any rate as it is seen in men's minds—is almost entirely made up of considering the future. "Where Are We Going" is a question of real importance, whether it be applied to a man's career, his ideas, his business, the society or country in which he lives, or whatever interest seems to him paramount.

CERTAINLY, unless one is content to fall back on astrology or numerology or some other of the romantic sciences, an intelligent view of the future would seem a necessity for the normal person. To secure it is fairly easy, too, for a journal, like this one, which is in a position correctly to interpret present day affairs—their value, meaning and trend.

IT IS PARTLY for this reason that during the coming twelve months this magazine will do its best to interpret the present with a weather eye on the future. It is unquestionably true that our forecasts will probably in many cases be slightly tinged with the bias of the liberal Protestant American. For that is our inheritance. But in the main we shall hope to be merely intelligent in presenting answers to the well-known question "Where Do We Go from here?"

Francis Rufus Bellamy

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Courtesy Milch Galleries

WATER MILL, LONG ISLAND
Etching by Childe Hassam

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Outlook

and Independent

November 28, 1928

Your Other Self

By HARVEY O'HIGGINS

The real revolution of the first quarter of the present century was in a way of thinking. It has had a pronounced effect on ethics and religion and it appeared in the late compaign in sharper, more realistic estimates of the chief figures. "Not to understand the general doctrine of the new psychology is to remain ignorant of a body of scientific facts that are as valuable to the average man in his daily life as the established rules of hygiene." This is the second of a series which Mr. O'Higgins has written for the Outlook and Independent

IT IS called the "new psychology" although it is probably as old as man's first thoughts about himself. And it is now popularly associated with the name of Freud —because he is the latest and greatest exponent of it, and because he took it out of the realm of metaphysics, made an honest science of it, and put it in the hands of the psychiatrists —but it is older than Freud and broader than Freud. It should not necessarily suffer from the abhorrence which so many people feel for some of Freud's theories. Even among the psychiatrists, there are practitioners of psychoanalysis who do not follow Freud, and the laity need not be more orthodox than the priests. Freud did not write for laymen; he wrote for medical men; and he has expressed himself as horrified to hear that his books are in popular circulation and to learn of the misunderstandings of his work which have resulted. The layman does not need to understand Freud's theories any more than he needs to know the theory that lies behind the use of insulin in the treatment of diabetes. And yet, not to understand the general doctrine of the new psychology is to remain ignorant of a body of scientific facts that are as valuable to the average man in his daily life as the established rules of hygiene.

The new psychology merely re-states a very ancient and orthodox belief concerning the dual nature of man—a belief so ancient that it would be difficult to say how or where it originated. The early religions knew it as a conflict between the aspirations of the soul and the appetites of the body, between the god in man and the devil in him, between the flesh and the spirit, in St. Paul's phrase. Later sentimentalities added a conflict between the heart and the head. With the evolutionary theory of the descent of man, one field of the conflict became identified as a struggle between animal instincts and civilized intelligence. But the whole conflict has so pervaded life that art and literature have been endlessly busy with it, and the volumes of religious exhortation and ethical discussion that have been written on it, if placed end to end, would reach from here to doomsday.

With the beginnings of modern science, the rationalists took hold of the study of the mind, and to them the mind was the conscious intellect. They saw no duality there, and they left the quarrel between the flesh and the spirit to the unscientific mystics. The psychology of the rationalists was arrived at by introspection. Their introspection could reach only those mental operations of which consciousness is aware. They proceeded to write a classical psychology that is now almost as antiquated as the charts of phrenology and its "study of bumps on the head."

Meanwhile, the dual nature of man was explored by the mystical philosophers. Schopenhauer (1788-1860) was the first to approach a modern statement of the case. He described the mind of man as a lame man carried on a blind man's shoulders. His lame man was the part of the mind which we call the conscious intellect. His blind man was the part which we now call the unconscious or the subconscious mind. But Schopenhauer called the subconscious mind the Will. And he had only a philosophic argument to justify his belief in it. He could offer no scientific experiments to prove his theory, and the rational psychologists were free to laugh at him.

He was followed chiefly by Edward Von Hartmann (1842-1907) who at the age of twenty-seven wrote his "Philosophy of the Unconscious." His book had a great popular vogue, and it was probably responsible for the intelligent understanding of unconscious psychology which the Russian fictionists of his day show in their famous novels. Hartmann declared that conscious intelligence only "denies, criticizes, compares, classifies." It is never "creatively productive, never inventive." For creation and invention, man is "entirely dependent on the Unconscious." It is the source of inspiration. And so forth. But Hartmann, like Schopenhauer, had no experimental data on which to base his case and he was laughed at by the rationalistic psychologists as Schopenhauer had been. William James, for instance, in his "Principles of Psychology," declared that it would be "a waste of time to look at Hartmann's arguments

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in detail." And of Schopenhauer he said that here "the mythology reaches its climax."

There was a contemporary of both Schopenhauer and Hartmann, the American mystic Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882) who developed a charmingly optimistic theory of the dual mind. In 1833, he announced: "I recognize the distinction between the outer and inner self; the double consciousness that, within this erring, passionate, mortal self, sits a supreme calm immortal mind, whose powers I do not know, but it is stronger than I; it never approved me in any wrong; I seek counsel of it in my doubts; I repair to it in my dangers; I pray to it in my undertakings. It seems to me the face which the Creator uncovers to his child." Later, he called it "Eternal Reason" and his conscious intellect he named "Understanding." Like Hartmann, he declared: "Understanding toils all the time, compares, contrives, adds, argues." But Eternal Reason "never reasons, never proves; it simply perceives; it is vision." He wrote his philosophy from the inspiration of this Eternal Reason, to the disgust of the rationalists. When one of them asked him upon what arguments he supported some of his dicta, he replied: "I could not possibly give you one of the 'arguments' you cruelly hint at, on which any doctrine of mine stands for I do not know what arguments mean in reference to any expression of thought." And Henry James, Sr., father of William James, the psychologist, complained after a visit to Emerson: "It turned out that any average old dame in a street car would have satisfied my intellectual capacity as well as Emerson."

THE MAN who first convinced the rationalists of the existence of a subconscious mind—or convinced them, at least, in the person of William James—was Frederick W. H. Myers (1843-1901) the founder of the Psychical Research Society in England. Of him James wrote in 1901, "he will stand as the original announcer of a theory which, in my opinion, makes an epoch, not only in medical but in psychological science, because it brings in an entirely new conception of our mental possibilities." His theory, in James's words, maintains "that the whole system of consciousness studied by the classic psychology is only an extract from a larger total, being a part told off, as it were, to do service in the adjustments of our physical organism to the world of nature." Myers called this upper, conscious mind the "supraliminal self"—that is, the mind "above the threshold of consciousness." The larger and lower mind, he called, "the subliminal"—below the threshold. Unfortunately for his theory—and for his fame—he worked chiefly in the regions of spiritualism, telepathy and clairvoyance, using his hypothesis of the subliminal mind to give a rationalistic explanation of those mysterious phenomena; and William James was almost alone among the classical psychologists in recognizing his importance.

AMONG the most noteworthy of the later philosophers, Henri Bergson (1859-) has enlarged upon Meyers's theory that the conscious intellect of man is only an evolutionary development from an original, unconscious, animal mind—evolved like a hand, says Bergson in his "Creative Evolution," to grasp and manipulate reality. To Bergson, the lower mind of man possesses a form of knowledge which he calls instinct. The upper mind is intellect. "The intellect is characterized," he writes, "by a natural inability to comprehend life." Instinct comprehends life, but expresses its comprehension in action only. "If the consciousness that slumbers in instinct could awake, if we could ask and it could reply, it would give up to us the most intimate secrets of life." And in 1913, he predicted: "To explore the most sacred depths of the Unconscious, to labor in what I have just called the subsoil of consciousness, that will be the principal task of psychology in the century which is opening. I do not doubt that wonderful discoveries await it there, as important, perhaps, as have been in the preceding centuries the discoveries of the physical and natural sciences."

This prediction was fulfilled before he made it. Nearly twenty years previous, in 1895, Dr. Breuer of Vienna and his pupil, Dr. Sigmund Freud, had published a series of "Studies in Hysteria," in which it appeared that they had reached the subconscious minds of their patients by the use of hypnosis. Myers had already seen the subliminal self in what he called the "hypnotic stratum" of the mind, and in his book, "Human Personality," he had referred to a case the details of which were published by Breuer and Freud in their "Studies." If Freud had remained content to work with hypnosis, his theories would probably have ended in the same discredit that overcame Myers. But Freud dropped hypnotism to study the subconscious in day-dreams and phantasies and the "free associations" of undirected thought. From day-dreams he progressed to the study of the dreams of sleep. And there he found an access to the subconscious which has raised the whole study into the field of experimental science and opened it up to the psychiatrists. That is his great indisputable achievement. Even if all his theories of the subconscious should be be discredited by his opponents, those opponents would still have to find their data by using the technique of dream interpretation which he discovered.

What remains undisputed by all schools of analysis is just what the mystical philosophers have been so long maintaining. Schopenhauer was right; the human mind is a lame man carried on a blind man's shoulders. Worse even than that, it is a paralyzed pigmy sitting on the bald spot of a blind giant. The conscious intellect which the classical psychologists believed to be the whole mind proves to be a thin layer, a mere scum of intelligence, that has apparently evolved out of an unconscious, instinctive animal mind vastly larger and more powerful.

THE INTELLECT does not control this larger mind. Indeed, the intellect is chiefly employed in inventing rational excuses for doing what the larger mind dictates. Within that larger mind dictates. Within that larger mind operate all those instinctive human impulses which are so irresistibly compelling. Within it, a man's character and temperament are formed by the shaping and habitual response to which his instinctive impulses are trained in the formative years of his childhood. His memory resides chiefly in his subconscious—a perfect memory which, when it is tapped under hypnosis, seems to contain a complete record of every smallest detail of his past experience.

What we call genius appears to be the faculty which some men possess of gaining easy access to their subconscious storehouse of mental power. Inspiration is a kind of upwelling of energy from the subconscious. Art, like the day-dream, is a product of subconscious activity. In sleep, in drunkenness, in the hypnotic trance, the conscious intellect is numbed, is drugged, is bewitched, and the subconscious mind escapes from all intelligent interference. In many forms of insanity, the subconscious mind unseats its rider and

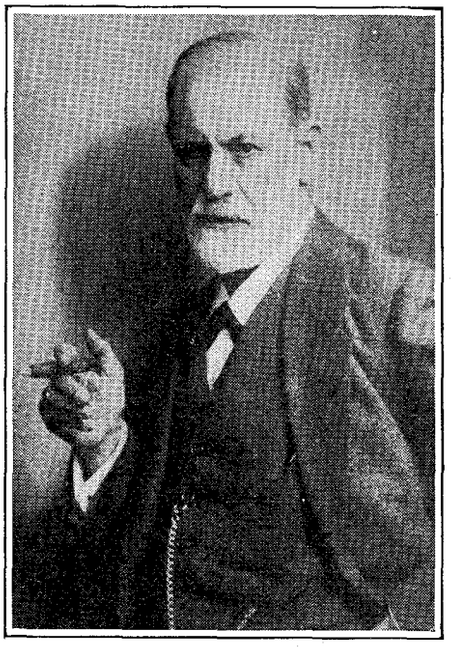
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

runs away. An incredible amount of apparently organic disease proves to be only functional disorders caused by conflicts in the subconscious; and the miraculous cures of faith-healing are due to subconscious processes which the psychologists can now control.

FREUD came upon the subconscious mind as a doctor, treating nervous disorders. His psychoanalysis is a medical technique, and the dispute about it involves questions of diagnosis and therapy which a layman need not consider. But this much should be said; a great deal that passes for Freudianism in the popular mind is a poisonous doctrine that was never taught by Freud, and an antidote to it is seriously needed. For instance, in his diagnoses of neuroses Freud found that the major cause of these disorders was a repression of the sexual instinct. But by "repression" he meant a thwarting and crippling of the sexual instinct in the formative years as a cause of the sexual morbidities and perversions which showed in later life. He did not mean by "repression" that continence and self-discipline in sex which civilized life makes necessary. He never advocated such a license in sex-expression as is now commonly accepted as the Freudian prescription for the repressed. Repression cannot be cured in that way, any more than it can be cured by conversation.

Similarly with his much-misapplied "Œdipus complex." It is natural and normal for a child to feel an instinctive love for its parents. When that love becomes so morbidly fixed that the child cannot develop into the responsibilities of later life, the morbidity is either what Freud called an Œdipus or an Electra complex. But it is no part of the Freudian doctrine that parents should be anxiously indifferent to their children so that the child may not develop its natural affection for its parent, and the parents who are doing this are mistaken about what Freud meant. Similarly with the famous "inferiority complex." It is natural and normal for the child to feel an inferiority among the giants and demigods with whom it must pass its helpless infancy, and such a feeling of inferiority remains in the substratum of every adult mind. Only when the feeling is morbid can it be called an inferiority complex, and in its normal state it is the source of much of the ambition and achievement of the natural man.

The most serious opposition to the theories of subconscious psychology does not come, nowadays, from the rationalists but from the behaviorists. Led by Dr. John B. Watson, they insist that man has no mind at all, either conscious or subconscious, and they argue that all behavior is due to merely physical reactions in which mind has no part. These reactions, simple in infancy, become more and more complicated as the child is trained and educated, but they remain merely physical reactions, "conditioned," as the behaviorists say, by experience. That is their theory. But in his experiments on infants, Watson found that all reactions were not conditioned reactions. The newborn child responded with reactions that



DR. SIGMUND FREUD

"A great deal that passes for Freudianism in the popular mind is a poisonous doctrine that was never taught by Freud"

were obviously "innate," as Watson said. It does not seem to me important whether you call such reactions "innate" with the behaviorists, or "instinctive" with the psychoanalysts.

Watson finds three innate reactions which he names "fear," "anger" and "affection." These are evidently our old friends the ego instincts of fear and anger and the altruistic instinct of affection which develops to other issues with the development of sex. Having admitted these instincts, Watson's theory seems to me to go blooey. Under the impulse of innate or instinctive fear, the whole body of the child responds with a co-ordinated convulsion that must have been exploded from some central point in the organism. That central point is what mankind has agreed to call "the mind." Dr. Watson may call it what he pleases. He will not get rid of it by giving it a new name, any more than he has succeeded in getting rid of instinctive reactions by calling them innate and unconditioned reactions.

What the behaviorists have seized upon as the basis of their theory is the recognized fact that a man behaves automatically according to unconscious "action-patterns" that have been laid down in his childhood. But these action-patterns are formed along instinctive lines. They are not purely physical and mechanical. They are instinctive reactions whose conditioning in the subconscious mind can be observed in the study of dreams. A girl who has no fear of cats may fall asleep and dream that she is attacked by a tiger. When she wakes she may have a fear of cats because they look like tigers. There is no place or explanation in behavioristic psychology for such a phenomenon. The psychoanalyst finds that her fear of cats is a conditioned form of the fear that expressed itself in her dream—her fear of her own animal appetites, symbolized as a tiger.

Here is a fear, then, that has been conditioned in sleep, when there were present none of those physical stimuli on which the behaviorists depend to explain conditioning. The conditioning has been purely mental and subconscious. In short, the behaviorists, finding that man's intelligence does not control him, and eager to get the conscious intellect out of psychology for that reason, have poured out the baby with the bath. The conscious intellect does not control in action-patterns, but the unconscious and instinctive animal mind of man continues to control, as it controlled Dr. Watson's infants.

AND HERE is the point that most concerns the layman. If he develops a neurotic illness, he will have to consult a psychiatrist; no education in subconscious psychology will enable him to cure himself. And the dispute about whether he has a mind or none need not worry him, since he will always feel that he has a mind and act as if he had one. But the control of his actions and his opinions by subconscious impulses which govern him in spite of himself—that is a thing of vital importance to him, and he is a fool if he neglects to inform himself about it.

There is a vast deal of such infor-

(*Please Turn to Page 1259*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Sunny Side of Dixie's Mills

By CHARLES G. MULLER

Perhaps they were all true once—those chromos of child slaves in Southern cotton mills and of the squalor in which they lived. But Mr. Muller found none of it, looking things over for the Outlook and Independent. In its place, he found an enlightened industrialism, making citizens instead of slaves

THE famous old lady from Dubuque was returning home from a swift educational junket through Florida when the conductor of the bus tour asked how she and her fellow-townspeople would like to pay a visit to a cottonmill community.

What with listening to free-flowing talk of companionate marriage everywhere and reading advertising of cigarettes to women, the old lady's world, so carefully preserved for her by paternal editors, had been knocked a little dizzy, and she welcomed this chance to get back to her orderly existence of preconceived ideas.

To walk through a typical Southern cotton mill, to see all the little children tied to malignant spinning machines, to throw a kindly light on the dull and dreary slavery of these buried-alive Anglo-Saxons about whom she had read so much, and to shed a salt tear over the awful squalor of their mill community homes—that would restore her upset world to normalcy, bring back the carefully nourished pictures.

The bus rumbled over seventy miles of smooth concrete roads from Atlanta to La Grange, Georgia, and came to a stop in a pine-wooded park that had been deeded to the community "until Gabriel blows his horn."

The old lady stepped out in front of a lovely white board building with flowers and green bushes around it. The Y. M. C. A., she was told. Another larger white building with a broad lawn—the offices of the Callaway Mills. Better-dressed young men and women than she had seen in any section of the United States—the office people of the mills taking a few minutes off for their afternoon coco-cola around at the corner drug-store.

Modern factory buildings with large glass windows and new machinery, a few men or women watching automatic looms, good-looking girls of twenty-two, twenty, eighteen, and some who might be sixteen. The old lady's brow began to furrow. Yards and miles of cotton cloths—but no dirt. Miles of houses with gardens and fruit trees—but no squalor. Then more factories and machines. Finally:

"But where are the children?" demanded the famous old lady.

And the mill official who answered had to ruin another well-nourished delusion:

"In school," he said.

The carpetbaggers who swept down from the North following the Civil War put the screws on the South, and the Southerner learned to bear up with closed mouth. Following the carpetbagger came investigators and writers, who bumped against a Southern policy of "tell the damned Yankees nothing." And while Southern industry was working along its own lines and telling nothing, derogatory reports went North. The old lady learned of a mythical South filled only with mills that chained child slaves to machines.

Thirty years of work are now bringing results, and the South is ready and willing today to talk "to any one who'll come down here on a friendly basis and listen." The policy of "tell the damned Yankees nothing" has been revamped. The South, now that it has achieved along lines of its own determining, is ready to speak up, and friends of the old lady will have to forget most of their child-slave notions and learn anew about mill community children who attend model schools and about buried Anglo-Saxons who own their own homes and forty-nine per cent of the stock in the mills in which they work. It will be hard on the old lady's cohorts. But, through advertising, magazines and newspaper articles, and speeches, the South is determined to make known to the people of these United States what really has been happening all these years.

TODAY the situation, to put it briefly, is this: More than ninety per cent of all new cotton mills or additions are being located in the South, and conservative leaders in the industry state that over seventy-five per cent of all equipment being installed in new textile mills or additions is now being installed in Southern mills. Southern mills are operating at 136 per cent capacity, single-shift basis, as compared with 68 per cent capacity for New England mills (these figures F. O. B. Atlanta, Georgia). And, while Northern capital has bought some Southern mills and built new plants, this industry remains right in the family, eighty-three per cent of Southern spindles being owned or controlled by Southern capital. Which all shows that the South has something very important to talk about industrially.

But we are interested here chiefly in the social side of this steady growth, in much the same way that Fuller E. Callaway, founder of the Callaway Mills, was interested. Asked some years ago, "What is your occupation?" Mr. Callaway answered: "Making citizens, and running cotton mills to pay expenses."

To appreciate the spirit behind this we have to go back a long way. The early settlers of the Carolinas and neighboring States were Anglo-Saxons, pioneers in exactly the same sense that the drivers of covered wagons were pioneers. Pushing back from the coast, these early Southerners got into the mountains, where some of them broke ground and built cabins. Having put time and labor into their cabins and farms, they did not want to throw away their effort even when they found the land unproductive. They stuck. So did their children.

They were poor, and the Civil War made them poorer. Mountains and bad roads made the interchange of new ideas difficult, and education was slighted. In other sections of the United States people were making money from their land or their industry, were building roads and were spreading schools. But in these mountains the people were remaining poor, having difficulty with transportation, and passing on to their children little or no formal education. Physical living was at a low ebb.

However, and this is important, these lost tribes of America were passing from generation to generation a strong native wit, a keen though untutored intelligence, and a high standard of moral living.

Then came the cotton mills, to be near the source of cotton supply. To illustrate what happened, let's take the actual case of the Cone Mills in Greensboro, North Carolina, today the largest

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

denim mills in the world, turning out enough yarn every forty minutes at full speed to stretch completely around the earth.

Two brothers, born in Tennessee, traveling around the South for a wholesale grocery house which their father founded in Baltimore, in 1895 decided to manufacture cotton cloth in Greensboro. They put up a plant, and looked around for labor. Available were the native Americans up in the hills. But to interest this labor it was necessary to build a community to house it, for Greensboro itself had only 3,000 people at that time.

Houses were put up, schools were erected, and churches were built. Which, in simplest terms, meant that here was an opportunity for hill people to get a house instead of a cabin or a cave, to send their children to school, and to find a religious outlet. There was no compulsion. There was a choice. And people chose to come down from the hills and man the 240 looms of the Cone Mills.

The community grew along with the mills, until today the mill villages total 10,000 people. One of the several Cone plants alone houses 3,000 looms under one roof; the community has two Y. M. C. A.'s which together cost $500,000 to build and upwards of $80,000 a year to run; there are schools founded by the company, but under civic supervision now, which get more money than regular city or State schools; self-governing churches have been built with $4 of company money to each $1 of parishioners'; and there is a dairy farm of Holstein, Jersey, and Guernsey cattle which produce Grade A milk, and beef cattle and hogs whose meat is sold at cost plus handling charges to the community. Home developments are starting outside the actual villages, with many buying homes there. And the population of Greensboro, which was 3,000 in 1890, now is 50,000.

In other words, these mills have given a living, training, and education to thousands of American families which previously were denied everything but the barest of physical existence.

Of course, not all mills did the same high-class job, but as you travel South you will find that the most successful have developed productive, useful citizens. Of some of these you have heard, because their merchandise is advertised to you every day. The Cannon Mills and Cannon towels are an example. How many such mills there are is indicated by the fact that the Y. M. C. A. industrial division has associations in about fifty-six communities of this general type.

The founders of such mills were intelligent men. They went into business to make money, but they learned early that the success of their industry depended upon the education and care of the people who worked in their factories. If the mills hoped to hold labor, they must offer labor more than could be had elsewhere.

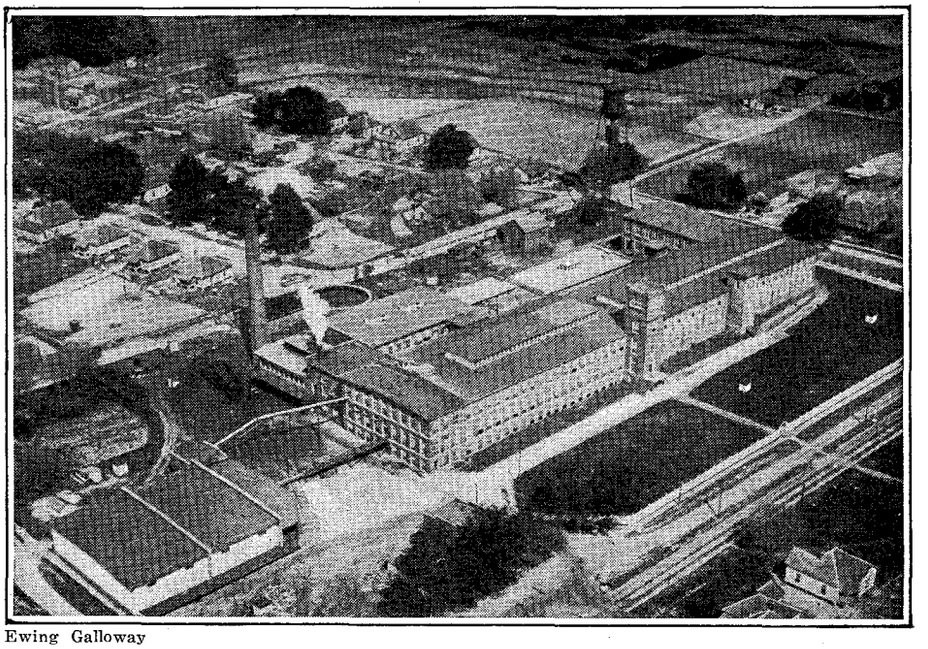
To show how the Southern mills did hold their workers in mill villages by providing more than could be found somewhere else, and how they are doing it at this moment under the most modern of economic conditions, let's go back to La Grange, Georgia, where the original Callaway ran his cotton mills to pay expenses for making American citizens. The story of those mills is very much the story of the best of Southern cotton industry today as related to the social problem of labor.

From one plant in 1900 the elder Callaway in twenty years created seven. From a few workers his force grew to a community of 7,500 people. Company houses, renting for $1 per room per month, with electricity and water free, were open to workers on the basis of "you can stay in this house as long as you keep the peace and work in the mill." Schools, now under city supervision but receiving the company's regular yearly allowance over and above the city budget, taught up to two years of junior high, with such unusual courses as musical appreciation and with such constructive accessories as free medical and dental attention. There was a large Y. M. C. A. for every community use, with night-school courses for mill workers past school age.

In brief, without trying to detail all the available opportunities and advantages offered by such mill communities, here was for the worker and his family more real chance for social and economic advantage than was ordinarily available for the average worker anywhere else in the United States. For salaries, with all this free education thrown in, were within two or three per cent of salaries paid in districts where there were no houses for rent on the $1 per room basis and where the worker had to pay out for all education and entertainment.

The basic idea was to help Americans help themselves and to let them, as fast as they were able and as soon as they themselves decided they were able, take over their own welfare. To the outsider, this was paternalism, and *per se* to be condemned. But the mills kept right on in the way they felt to be wisest.

Ignorant families, anxious to have many workers in the household, frequently threatened to leave the community in a group unless their young children were given money jobs in the plants. And while kindly souls over the country cried aloud against child



Ewing Galloway

A SOUTHERN COTTON MILL FROM THE AIR

Modern Factory Buildings, With Large Glass Windows and New Machinery

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

labor, such mills as these were actively working through their own schools and through legislation to keep children out of factories. Today children may work part time at fourteen and a half years old in Georgia, provided they go to school six months of the year, and they can work full time at sixteen. But even at that the mills are far from encouraging work at this age. Because under conditions of modern production they need educated minds and not uneducated hands to prosper.

As time rolled by, the policy of helping workers to help themselves began to bring results. Under better living conditions, better work was done, and even better conditions prevailed. Education began to bring out the native intelligence that had been smothered by generations of mountain living.

Five years ago, Cason J. Callaway, at twenty-eight, took over the management of his father's seven mills which were paying expenses for making citizens. This young second generation president brought in fresh ideas. He wanted to expand the industry still further. And what he did in the succeeding five years graphically portrays the fine results of the preceding twenty years of mill policy as carried out in such progressive communities.

Cason Callaway decided to make products entirely different from, and in addition to, those turned out by the original mills. He began to experiment in the weaving of cotton rugs. Neither he nor any of the men in the company had ever made a rug before. But they started out to find how. They did. Then they tried another product. And another. And a fourth.

On January 1, 1928, four mills making new products were incorporated as separate units of the mills. And the owners of forty-nine per cent of the stock in these companies were men whose people for the most part had first come to the mills in the early years. All overseers and superintendents and three-quarters of the office men had raised themselves from the mills. Most of them had taken their education right from company schools and from night classes in the mill Y. M. C. A. One of these new corporations alone will sell $1,800,000 worth of a line of finished products in 1928.

Not every man in these mills owns stock and goes out to play golf several afternoons a week. But those who have used their education to get out of the rank and file, who have raised themselves to be overseers and superintendents and other officials, are reaping the big harvest. They, along with school-teachers and other workers directing the educational, physical, and religious activities of the community, share in the mill money profits yearly, according to their part in the community welfare. One year, for example, the teachers received a bonus equal to fifty per cent of their term's salary.

Ewing Galloway

HOW THE SOUTHERN MILLS HOLD THEIR WORKERS

Houses With Gardens and Fruit Trees—But No Squalor

Once you start to work in such a community, you become a complete part of it. Chilton W. Coleman, for instance, is principal of the company school and former Mayor of Southwest La Grange. But being principal of what has been called one of the Nation's model schools is not enough. He also is advertising manager of the new corporations. Hubert T. Quillian, general secretary of the mill Y. M. C. A., is an officer in one of the new companies, and high places are opening all the time for any one with the ambition to fill them. For the Callaway plan is to give every man who shows constructive ability a financial part in the community endeavor.

What, you ask, about the rank and file who are not able to work up to responsible posts? Well, they are proving conclusively that Southern labor is equal in intelligence and ability to the most skilled anywhere by handling complicated new machinery on a par with any other section of the country. They also are showing that the Southern community plan fits their needs and wants, for the labor turnover in the Callaway Mills is negligible. The man who rolled the first bale of cloth out of the original plant in 1900 is still on the pay roll.

They have homes set out with flowers and shrubs from company nurseries. They have a self-contained community in which they find their own entertainment. They have the best of schools, through which they can see their children travel the road to college. And in their community they have neither speak-easies nor red lights.

After long years of telling the "damned Yankees nothing," the South is starting to clear its throat to say something worth listening to. It is beginning to reveal something of its fine roads and its ever-growing school system. It is starting to advertise to all the world its merchandise made by American workers whose parents and grandparents were Americans.

And the entire United States is beginning to sit up and take notice of this long-overlooked section where thoughtful, intelligent men with a broad perspective and a fundamental grasp of how to handle uneducated humanity have for a score or more of years quietly been running cotton mills to make American citizens.

When any visiting woman tourist tomorrow asks a prosperous Southern mill officer where are the children, the answer will be: "Lady, I'm one of them."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Back to Bread and Circuses

By CHESTER T. CROWELL

Standardized America, captious critics are free to contend, is in a distinctly bad way. Everything is done according to pattern and heads which rise above the resulting mediocrity are promptly beaten down by the storm of public opinion. Mr. Crowell takes time out to sift through this broad generalization and test its truth. His article holds a questioning spotlight on the future and so finds a place in our pages

NOWADAYS whenever the statement is made that we have too much of standardization in this country, it is proper to agree. Not for a year have I heard any one defend standardization. Personally I am not certain that its critics agree upon a definition of the term. Some of them are referring, I gather, to Fords; others to our college courses; others to the remarkable number and uniformity of United Cigar Stores, filling stations and hot dog stands.

None of these things strikes me as of first-rate importance. Mechanical mass production is one of the most important material achievements of all time, while a very large measure of standardization in the habits and customs of a people is necessary to its cohesion. The millions of individuals who are strung together to constitute a governmental unit achieve cohesion not only by religion and a common theory of government but by uniformity of dietary habits, costume and especially by their methods of conducting production and commerce. Every country has and must have a large proportion of men who talk very much as Sinclair Lewis's "Man Who Knew Coolidge." In short, similarity of dullness becomes a point of cohesion.

If I were to name the mechanical device that is most dangerous to modern civilization, it would be cheap printing. Cheapness robs it of a dignity that was once inherent; the very fact that a composition was printed at all proved that it was regarded as important. Nowadays printing is one of the cheapest of all toys. Thus we have printed matter for every grade of intelligence and it is absolutely unnecessary to strive toward higher levels of intelligence to derive entertainment from type.

As an inevitable consequence the printed matter of our era produces nothing comparable to the world-shaking sensation and stimulation resulting from Marco Polo's book about the Orient. Disclosures just as important as his are taking place today and the news is published but its circulation is extremely limited. The competition offered by matter of no importance is almost overwhelming.

Let me cite just one modern discovery that is fully equal to Marco Polo's life work. The lengths of light waves have been measured. This means that a competent man working in Pittsburgh or Denver could reproduce the French master metre or the English master inch without ever having seen it. This means that five manufacturing firms, one in the United States, one in Germany, one in France, one in Switzerland and one in England could co-operate in the construction of a hydro-electrical plant for South Africa and that when the various parts were assembled they would fit perfectly, which means within the ten thousandth part of an inch.

As life is now organized upon this planet our very existence depends upon such achievements, yet how many among us know who first measured a light wave, or how it was done, or that it has any importance? We don't have to bother ourselves with news of such tremendous importance because the obliging printing press will also provide us with "Tarzan of the Apes" and "The Sheik."

The mechanical devices which supply me with unprecedentedly excellent shoes and remarkable automobiles at prices within the reach of millions of my fellow citizens seem to me an unqualified blessing; I am more than willing to share these things with everybody; but the mechanical device which bring tremendous pressure upon me to draw intellectual stimulation from a common source shared by the millions is not an unqualified blessing. In the field of thought the factor of fundamental economic importance to the producers and purveyors is precisely opposite to that which governs the manufacturer of shoes. Specifically, the man who hopes to sell two million pairs of shoes per annum had better make a pretty good shoe and if he can make a still better shoe for the same price he may sell five million pairs; the purveyor of ideas, however, had better be careful about how far he goes into the vanguard, lest he lose business. On the whole he will do far better by remaining well in the rear of the torch bearers. If his objective is profit primarily the best course for him to pursue is to find the lowest common denominator in human interest and purvey that exclusively. It is entirely possible that a doctor of philosophy may enjoy salacious scandal no less than a shopgirl. Thus the tabloid newspaper is born. Economic pressure upon a publisher is distinctly and incontrovertibly down, not up. It is a weird and unfortunate fact that when you offer a man intellectual products vastly better than he has ever encountered before, or even imagined possible, you are quite likely to make him angry, while the same man will immediately recognize and thank you for something revolutionary in automobile tires or textiles.

THE prevalent belief that information spreads much more rapidly nowadays than ever before, I do not share. It is true that weather forecasts, stock market quotations and love stories circle the globe very quickly but news of transcendental importance, it seems to me, is traveling at a snail's pace. I shall submit a few comparisons.

Some years ago Mr. Einstein presented to the world certain mathematical calculations which are destined to affect our understanding of the world in which we live, so profoundly that even a Plato or an Aristotle might hesitate to predict just what they will mean to human thought, or where the horizon of scientific truth now stands. Yet in this boastful age of unlimited cheap printing popular knowledge of Mr. Einstein's work may be summarized as follows: It is generally known that a scientist of that name evolved a theory labeled "Relativity." And it is generally admitted that only a few persons on earth know what it is.

In 1859 Charles Darwin presented to the world his "Origin of Species." During the following sixty-nine years

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

scientists have proved and disproved so many of his speculations that he is no longer a safe authority on evolution. However, his work has only recently challenged sufficient attention to be a subject of spirited controversy among millions of American citizens, nearly all of whom can and do read. Most of them don't know that he is decades out of date.

That, I should say, makes a very poor case for the printing press. As a matter of fact, it does not stand comparison with the achievements of a certain camel driver who lived in a little Arabian town near Mecca, and whose world was largely illiterate. In less time than it took for the theory of evolution to become a fiery moot question in the State of Tennessee, Mohammed and his followers had carried their religion to the most remote frontiers of the then known world. I don't believe that he could have done that if his world had been supplied with unlimited quantities of very cheap printed matter prepared by men who carefully estimated the lowest common denominators of popular intelligence, found out what the populace believed, and told them over and over again that it was true and gloriously true. Their ignorance, as we measure ignorance nowadays, was not an obstacle to him; it was an aid.

When that indefinitely defined period known as the Dark Ages began to draw to a close with the resurrection of the knowledge formerly possessed by Greece, Rome and Egypt, progress was simply amazing. Likewise when Columbus opened the new world with three little cockleshells, the significance of his achievement was grasped by all Europe, and shook every Western nation to its foundations—social, political, economic and intellectual. As a matter of fact, the spread of the Christian religion will stand comparison for speed and efficiency with any comparable idea propagated within the last two hundred years. I do not mean by this the success of the Christian religion in the countries to which it was carried, for that would not be a fair test; I mean that within a remarkably few years it was presented to the known world.

It is amazing to me that the vast majority of the American people are under the impression that they enjoy almost limitless facilities for the dissemination of the foremost thought of their times. As a matter of fact the greatest thinkers of our time face an obstacle never before known in the simple fact that their potential audience is not hungry to listen—it is already entertained, indeed, it is surfeited with entertainment. Let us suppose that we had among us a man comparable to Ralph Waldo Emerson; he would, of course, be a storm center of controversy, therefore the radio which could give him an audience of approximately one hundred million people would not be eager for his services, because the saxophone is an entirely satisfactory substitute and causes no fights. As a feature writer for "McCall's" or any other woman's magazine I doubt that my hypothetical Emerson would rank as high as the page of recipes. Recipes are not controversial; moreover, everybody eats, while not nearly so many would enjoy a Ralph Waldo Emerson. As a feature for the Hearst newspapers he certainly wouldn't rank as high as Tad's cartoons. One can get a fair notion of what his rank would be by taking into consideration the enormous value of Arthur Brisbane, who is himself a philosopher.

A modern Emerson wouldn't have even the same lecture platform which he so successfully used in his own day. The people were eager for the spoken word then and he spoke beautifully. As a matter of fact, he was the father of lyceum programs for the winter months in this country. Instead of improving after his day they deteriorated into Chautauqua and prospered beyond his wildest dreams. Still later even Chautauqua deteriorated until now we have little groups, largely women, who gather to look at a celebrity rather than to listen. No one achieves fame nowadays on the lecture platform; he takes his fame there to cash in. If he will speak thirty minutes that is better than one hour; if he will speak twenty minutes, that is still better. Often it is essential for him to deal evasively with the very subject matter upon which his fame is based.

As George Jean Nathan once remarked, what they really want to know is whether his pants are creased and how old he appears to be. If "he" happens to be a woman they are fiercely interested in whether or not "he" smokes cigarettes. The lecture platform is now a commercial enterprise subject to the same fundamental limitations that hamper newspaper publishers and radio broadcasting station managers. Briefly the common problem of all three is to discover what will interest the largest number of people—but not too much. It most certainly is not what is the best that can be had.

In other fields of standardized mass production, however, "the best that can be produced" is the foundation of success. Consider Ford cars. The old model was an excellent product for the money but ugly. Presently there were other cars offering keen competition on quality and price and vastly easier on the eye. Mr. Ford had to develop a new model or fail.

Nothing comparable to that happens in the publishing world because the printed page is more often a time-killer, a toy and a dissipation than a highway to enlightenment. In an age which presents the interesting spectacle of one automotive vehicle for each five of our population we buy monthly uncounted millions of cheap magazines containing stories of cattle ranch and frontier life, mostly inaccurate, usually very poorly written and nearly all presented as though these ranches were still flourishing.

We live in an age of electrical superpower and not one out of a thousand of us has a definite idea of what superpower means. If the subject comes up even in fairly well informed circles some one will remark that we have vast undeveloped resources in water-power and those present will take it for granted that in some occult manner the rascally corporations are preventing its utilization; we don't know anything about the steam turbine that actually stays the development of most of our water-power sites because it is more efficient than water-power and *almost as cheap!*

There is romance in that if you care to grasp the meaning and mechanism of the steam turbine but it is easier to depend upon the old reliable galloping cowboys for thrills. No strain on the intellect there. When the steamboat was born the whole world gaped in wide-eyed wonder and the wise men of that day were moved by a solemn sense of duty to prophesy what it would mean. The public expected this. We do so little of that sort of thinking nowadays. Our world is being torn to shreds and remade before our eyes.

(*Please Turn to Page 1264*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Foreign Opinion

By MALCOLM W. DAVIS

NOTHING any American has said, for a long time, has excited Europe as much as President Coolidge's speech on Armistice Day. Probably nothing could have been calculated to stir up as much feeling as that blunt, caustic, dry summary of official views of the peace settlement, war debts, and sea armament. Two things rankle particularly. One is the fact that the President chose the day dedicated to the Unknown Soldiers, to deliver his abrupt notice to Europe that she need not look for any easy concessions from the United States in the matter of further adjustment of bills for the war and that advances of American capital to Europe will be closely studied henceforth; and the other is that he based the justification of his position on the financial costs of the war to the United States and on American loans to Europe—at good rates of interest—since the war.

What the President had to say about naval strength and the proposal of Great Britain and France to limit the building of types of ships most suited to the needs of the United States and leave unrestricted the types best suited to their own use, upset Europe much less than the economic sections.

Mr. Hoover, as the London "Nation and Athenæum" erroneously reported, was at first understood to have been informed of the substance of the President's remarks; but quick dispatches corrected that impression and made it clear that the President-elect knew nothing of it until he read it in the morning paper. Europeans hope, as certainly some of us do, that the next Chief Executive—a man acquainted with practically all the nations of the world—will understand how to put the essentials of American policy in less graceless and repellent form.

The fact remains that Mr. Coolidge did outline, although in terms of doubtful wisdom and still more doubtful taste, the majority opinion in the United States. So his speech may serve to clear the air, even if by a storm.

British public men have taken occasion to make clear their attitudes. Prime Minister Baldwin referred in Parliament to Lincoln's expressed desire for perpetual peace and friendship between the two nations, and added solemnly: "So be it"—to be greeted with cheers from both the Administration and Opposition benches. He then made Mr. Coolidge's remarks the text for an argument in favor of more personal contact between statesmen of Great Britain and the United States and for closer study of the American political system. Ramsay MacDonald, the Labor party leader, and David Lloyd George, the Liberal spokesman, both voicing alarm about Anglo-American relations, blamed the Conservative Government for driving the United States, through the attempted naval accord with France, toward a policy of competitive building of cruisers. Sir Austen Chamberlain, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, sailing from Canada, repudiated any idea of rivalry with the United States and alleged the British need to protect the system of food supply by sea as the real reason for naval construction policy. Viscount Cecil, in the House of Lords, urged that the time had come for Great Britain and the United States to act together for limitation of armaments.

TO THOSE Englishmen who have not been carefully observing the tendency of opinion in America, says "The Spectator," the speech came as a shock. "To others it was no surprise, but to all it must be a matter of regret." Yet "The Saturday Review" declares it valuable on account of its frankness. Always broadminded and farsighted, "The Manchester Guardian" concludes: "The cruisers matter less in themselves than for the evidence they give of increased suspicion of European motives and ambitions." The editor draws the same inference from the President's warning that loans ought to be scrutinized carefully lest they be used "to finance preparations for future wards," and ends by declaring:

"So long as armed peace broods over Europe, the United States is bound to be driven back upon herself. If Europe wants American co-operation, she must be prepared to pay for it. And the price is clear evidence that Europe is ready for co-operation within her own frontiers."

France, realistic and nationalistic, at once takes the President's uncompromising statement as an excuse for French insistence on security, and at the same time repudiates his analysis of the results of the war. "No one will contest that Americans did their full duty toward themselves and others in the great war," observes the semi-official "Temps" of Paris, "but we can not admit that the sacrifices of this or that country can be measured by dollars and cents.

"We note the President does not intend the security of his country to be sacrificed to disarmament . . . That is reasonable, but it is just as reasonable for other countries as for the United States."

In Germany, the "Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung" utters a warning that the speech "should teach European leaders that they must tackle their problems from another viewpoint than national egotism." The Leipzig "Neueste Nachrichten" fears that the policy indicated may delay a revision of reparations and war debts. The "Germania" suggests that the cost of the war to the United States was compensated by profits, but recognizes that the United States did not demand spoils from the defeated enemy and arranged to adjust Germany property claims.

For Japan, the Vice-Minister of the Navy, addressing the newspaper representatives, told them he saw no reason to criticise President Coolidge's speech or to make any alteration in Japan's naval building program.

FASCIST Italy attacks and ridicules the President's contentions, and also sees in them evidence of a gigantic struggle between America and England. "America's enormous wealth was born in the war," writes Arnaldo Mussolini, the Premier's brother, in the "Popolo d'Italia." "Even the help given to Europe was a mere mortgage with interest . . . It is an illusion to believe that continents can be dominated by the force of gold alone."

Significantly, only the Soviet press in Russia gave a welcome to Mr. Coolidge's speech. There they took it as evidence of that enmity between the capitalistic countries upon which the Communists base much of their hope of continued wars and eventual revolutions.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"—If You Know What I Mean"

By WALTON MORTON

THE FACT that nobody has ever actually made a trip to the moon has evidently smitten several hundreds or thousands of fiction writers with the notion that a tale of such a trip would be at once original and fascinating. Every year dozens of desperate writers, about to end it all through lack of inspiration, suddenly realize that the moon is absolutely virgin territory and quite unspoiled by tourists. Eureka! A trip to the moon! Why didn't I think of it before! And this writer, having attended for many years their efforts, will attempt to explain the rudiments of interplanetary technique.

To begin with, always use the first person—for reasons which I am about to reveal. This whole project of a lunar voyage, you must say, was conceived by your friend, Gus Higgins: queer old Gus—always tinkering around his funny little shop, and so forth. Let Gus do everything. Gus is engineer, navigator, strategist, scientist and anything else you don't know anything about. You, for instance, couldn't possibly offer a plausible description of a machine that would "conquer gravity." So you do it this way:

Gus comes running over one day, all excitement. Tells you he has perfected a machine that will "repel" gravity or "conquer" gravity. Let me see it, you say. He shows it to you. "And there it was," you explain. "A perfectly ordinary looking device much resembling an automobile motor, save for a small round tank on its top from which protruded curious looking rods and pipes. "What's that?" you ask. "Ah, that's my secret!" Gus replies. And that, strange to say, will satisfy not only you but also your readers.

It would be well for Gus to have invented a new kind of food, too, something wonderfully concentrated, and have him discover a compact substitute for water while you're about it. Thus the snug little cabin of your sky cruiser will hold plenty of provisions for many months or even years. (These can be secrets, also.) And as to the cruiser itself, you can make it look like anything from a cement mixer to a (huge) mason-jar—the wilder the better. At least four must comprise the party, for naturally you will want to tell how the party became separated and one pair rescued the other pair from the Purple Men—but I mustn't get ahead of the story. Also, take along plenty of firearms so that you can mislay them at critical moments and scare the reader half to death.

And so, powered by a mysterious secret fuel, you begin your trip.

LAY IT on as thick as you like about the trip. As to navigation or control, you had, of course, noticed Gus fooling around with certain little levers and wheels, but, respecting his wish for secrecy, you asked him nothing. And almost before you knew it, there you were—landed on the moon—and with scarcely a bump!

You find—and here's some very funny material—upon disembarking that the effort of ordinary walking serves to propel you through the air in forty-foot leaps. This is either due to "gravity" or something else, and if you think you owe it to the reader to ask the "professor" about it, you can say that he was absent-mindedly scanning the terrain and didn't hear you. The moon, you continue, looks a great deal like the earth (for you must know what the earth looks like), and so, having duly left your weapons behind in the snug cabin, you set out to explore it. (More forty-foot leaps and, by the way, when you are captured by the Purple Men, be sure to escape by these same forty-foot leaps.) I guess I might as well let it go right here: you *are* captured right away, after first being stunned by the mysterious ultra-secret "ray tube" with which the Purple Men are armed. Now get this: whatever the Purple Men look like, however many arms and legs they may have, you must describe their enormous heads. Every Moon Man has a large head—an inexorable tradition of this kind of writing. But also on the moon—and I see no reason for not telling you now—is an enslaved race of your own kind, just like the earth dwellers, save for the fact, that is, that their women-folk are ravishingly beautiful. Do you follow me? These poor creatures are overjoyed to see you and hail you as their deliverer and you and Gus lose no time in falling head over heels in love with the two best looking females. (And, if you have an inferiority complex, you can tell how you became King of the Moon, if you want to. Suit yourself.) Don't forget to have a character, "Hooji, the Sly One," or "Kaag, the Evil One," for if you don't know enough to insert a villain into a story like this you'd be better off writing for trade journals. Then too, you must have a magnificent fight—hand-to-hand—with Hooji. Your earthly muscles, remember, make Hooji's lunar-bred biceps look pretty sick and when you finally knock him fifty or sixty feet you'll find it a fine chance to spread yourself before your affinity, to say nothing of your reader.

From here on you ought to coast along. Mention the strange animals: thoats, thags, cranches, gringes—anything goes. Tell, offhand, of eating "roast thag with gringe sauce." Obtain, as soon as possible, a faithful pet thoat—always at your heels, you know. "And with a roar, faithful Moog leaped on the Purple Man, his six rows of teeth gleaming frightfully . . . ." Make free with the Purple Men's wonderful flying machines; bear in mind that Gus has a great knack with such things, in fact, when Gus was a prisoner in the subterranean caverns he was made a sort of a trusty in charge of all flying machines. (And if you balk at the idea of flying machines in subterranean caverns, you're out of your element in this kind of tale.) It seems to me, too, that I've heard of canals on the moon, and if you see fit to put in a few canal boats, I'm sure no one would object. Take a journey—in one of the 15,000-mile-an-hour flying machines—around to the hind side of the moon; obviously not even astronomers can check you up on what you see around there. And—I almost forgot it—your reader will be simply flabbergasted if you bring in the circumstance that gold is just dirt cheap on the moon, but that the Purple Men would do anything for a fragment of iron. He will certainly put you down as the most amazingly original and imaginative of men.

AS BEGINNERS, you would do well to stick to the moon. Later on, perhaps, you could tackle another story about: *a*, an unknown land at the center of the earth; *b*, an unknown land on a hitherto undiscovered plateau in the Gobi Desert; *c*, a trip to Mars.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Football's Black Saturday

By HERBERT REED
(Right Wing)

A YOUNG football team just coming to its peak under the coaching finesse of Knute K. Rockne, gave the football world something of a treat by way of whiling away a November day in the Yankee Stadium. Beating a strong Army team with a great reputation before a crowd of 90,000 was about as far as one institution could go in crossing the dope. Football dope is not what it used to be. In upsetting it this time Rockne turned in as fine a single piece of coaching as I have seen in many a year. West Point was outguessed at almost every stage. Having thus properly decorated the Notre Dame eleven and its famous coach, the fact remains that decorations of another type are due the soldiers.

It is putting it a little brutally, perhaps, to say that the cadets gave a sad exhibition of the swelled head, yet that is the exact truth. Those of the general football public who are not familiar with the sort of life the cadets lead are sometimes surprised at the overconfidence that occasionally goes in a wave over the corps. And when a cadet reverts to what is sarcastically known as the "kaydet" stage, he is a rather impossible person. This is said more in sorrow than in anger, and would not be said at all if Rockne himself had not been good enough sportsman to say himself that the Army team did not do itself justice. All of which does not detract from the game as a spectacle. In that respect it was one of the best, as it almost always is. Credit should go, too, to the team for its furious and courageous rally.

L. M. (Biff) Jones, the smiling head coach, who takes his lickings as handsomely as he does his victories, had his heart set on winning this game. He felt that if he could get by this one he had better than an even chance of defeating Nebraska and Stanford. He had, I think, a greater respect for a Rockne-coached eleven than did his team, and this regardless of the results of games played by the South Benders before meeting the soldiers. In the light of this fact it is rather hard to understand why he put on the six and five man defense, which is supposed to be stronger against the forward pass than against the running attack. With Fred Collins returned to the Notre Dame backfield it was certain that the South Bend running game would be improved at least fifty per cent. As it turned out the six and five defense stopped neither the pass nor the running attack.

Up to the time of the disaster in the Stadium the West Pointers had made the most of forward pass defense, and had used Cagle effectively with the pass on the attack. The combination was not so good against Notre Dame. The cadets seemed bewildered almost throughout the first half, and I think that was due to the clean but fierce tackling of the Notre Dame men. Apparently the team had expected to get going rather easily and was surprised when such a savage defense was encountered. Right there was where the game was lost, for the South Bend tacklers, finding that they could frequently cut down even the mighty Christian Keener Cagle, gained rapidly in consequence, with the result that after the first quarter of play Notre Dame was a typical, alert Rockne team, as good, just then, probably, as any team in the country. Notre Dame played flawless football throughout, even after Cagle had made his desperate and brilliant run.

Underwood

EDDY, THE YALE CAPTAIN

To have an even chance against Notre Dame a team must get the jump at some time or other in the first quarter. This the Army failed to do, and despite the great rally in the second half Notre Dame certainly earned its victory as thoroughly as did any team any time anywhere. The game was hard, as all such games are, and clean as all games between these two always will be. The average spectator who knows his football, and is not affiliated with either institution gets more kick out of this game than he does out of any other. There is so much technical excellence that this battle is always an intellectual pleasure.

WHILE all this was going on, Yale developed an inferiority complex that lasted all through the game with Maryland. It has happened before, however. Maryland has had good teams for several years and surprises no one when it knocks over one of the big ones. I feel the same way in this case as I do about West Point. The field generalship has not been as good at New Haven this year, and it remains to be seen how it will stand up against Princeton, a game that will have been played before this comment appears. Yale's coaching, however, is on a firm foundation, established by "Tad" Jones. One feels especially sorry for Jess Hawley, who has a whole bench full of injured players. He has been the constant victim of plain, downright hard luck. And yet Dartmouth started the season with as bright prospects as any team in the land. Nor is the record any reflection on Jess Hawley.

Out in the Western sector Ohio State, which had visions of a Big Ten title, went down on this day of gloom before Iowa, which was not entirely unexpected. It seems that Iowa from all I can gather from private correspondence, has a remarkable back in the big Indian, Mayes McLain.

The Harvard crash against Pennsylvania was a real surprise, for the Quakers had played a hard schedule and did not seem to have much reserve. I consider the victory over the Crimson in the nature of a personal triumph for Paul Scull, the captain of the team. Here was a case of the highest class of personal play and above all really great leadership. Scull is one of the best all-round players in the country.

The season has been one of the most interesting in many a year, and the rules have worked out to the satisfaction of just about everybody. If we except perhaps, those who never have been satisfied since the rules killed off much of the old time steady marches the full length of the field.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The World This Week

Back to Normalcy

LIKE BOYS released from school, the editorial writers of the daily press are running all over the lot. The campaign is finished and they are free to disport themselves with all sorts of subjects from hog-killing to jazz music in Hungary. It certainly must be a relief to stop conning those lessons about farm relief, water-power, prohibition, bigotry, straw votes, brown derbies, the evasions of the other side and the virtues of one's own.

The New York "Sun" is quite frank about it. "The American public," it says, substituting the public for the press, "is rapidly getting back to normal after its quadrennial jamboree . . . . Already there is a reawakening of slumbering interest in the deeds of bulls and bears, in football, college and soccer, in Broadway first nights, in golf" and so on through a list that fairly represents the variety now reappearing in editorial pages throughout the country.

So we have editorials about Rothstein, the New York gambler murdered for welshing, with exhortations to the police and reflections on the futility of vice, on the troubles following the reallocation of radio waves, on the Japanese form of coronation ceremonies, on the overflow of Etna, on Harvard's proposed "inner college," on the Red Cross drive for membership, and, of course, on the ever menacing reckless drivers of automobiles. Now comes the tragedy of the Vestris to engage the minds of the only daily spokesmen public opinion has. It would seem that the motto of the press is now "Almost anything but politics."

This seems to be the way we have in America. What we do, we do hard; otherwise not at all. It is either the saloon and hard drinking—or prohibition. It is either sectarianism—or religious indifference. It is either wild enthusiasm over football or baseball or prizefighting—or lolling in automobiles. It is either a bitter controversy over candidates—or a nearly complete ignoring of political duties. In this respect the press reflects the public mind with fair accuracy.

We seem to become suddenly bored with our own enthusiasms. There is prohibition, for instance. Except for the aridly dry newspapers that cannot resist saying "We told you so," or the wringing wet newspapers that are equally sure they told us so—though it was something different—the daily press has practically ignored prohibition altogether. The power question has sunk out of sight. And as for farm relief, all that the newspapers have to say is virtually "Let Congress pass a farm relief bill quickly and get it out of the way."

Is politics, then, only a game in the eyes of Americans, to be played for a season, and then abandoned till the next season comes around? That is not the impression gained from newspaper comment. Rather one gets the impression that this sudden cessation from the political contest is the American democracy's way of acquiescing in the will of the majority. The British democracy is different; it has to be on its toes all the time. Here because of our regular quadrennial elections we have formed rather spasmodic habits.

Orr in the Chicago Tribune

Now for a Real Thanksgiving

Still the editorial pages of the daily press have not dropped politics altogether. Here and there are editorials clearing up the débris. Not infrequently are editorials on the State issues—such as the anti-Darwin vote in Arkansas and the wet referendum in Massachusetts (which was, we are told, nothing more than a gesture), and the sixty-one propositions that the voters were expected to pass on in California. The subject that entices writers of a speculative turn of mind is the future of the Democratic Party. Democratic papers aver that the party is still needed as an opposition—and Republican papers quite cheerfully acquiesce. On this point the bi-partisan agreement is quite brotherly. Of course Mr. Hoover's trip south has almost universal attention. A sly surmise comes from Baltimore concerning President Coolidge's feelings when Mr. Hoover asked for a battleship. Beyond that the comment is one of almost if not quite unanimous praise. That was a dramatic move on Mr. Hoover's part and contributed greatly to the facility and felicity with which the editorial mind turned from the campaign.

The man, however, who has really started the country to debating about public affairs just when it seemed to want to rest was none other than the silent man in the White House. Mr. Coolidge's Armistice Day Speech has called out some sharp differences of opinion. Some opinion characterizes the speech as acrimonious and not helpful. Other opinion approves—but on differing grounds. Some newspapers hail it for its realism and its plain speaking about American rights—including the right to be understood. Others hail it for its tribute to peace and its expression of American idealism. A few seem to be somewhat puzzled. But whatever sides they take (and for the most part they approve its American spirit), for freedom of expression and spontaneity of feeling the editorials on Mr. Coolidge's Armistice Day speech stand out, as a rule, above the ruck.

France, Rumania, Mexico, China and Nicaragua are the foreign countries whose current experiences invite American editorial discussion.

We have time now to give more than a glance to other countries.

Valedictory

THE CAPTION may be wrong; or only temporarily right. Governor Smith has said "never again" and he is now playing golf, without a sweater, under the serene suns of Mississippi; yet his last radio message did not sound and did not read like a long farewell to public life.

He said, in part: "The principles for which the Democratic Party stands are as sacred in defeat as they would have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been in victory. If the cause of democracy was right before the election, it is still right, and it is our duty to carry on and vindicate the principles for which we fought. . . . The Democratic Party certainly would not be in a position four years from now to solicit the confidence and support of the American people if during that period it neglected to build up a constructive program and relied entirely upon the failure of the opposition party. That cannot be done by the minority party permitting itself to become a party of obstruction and opposition for political purposes only."

"It would be regarded as a constructive achievement if the Democratic Party at Washington were to formulate a program, adopt it, offer it to the Congress of the United States and there defend it. A refusal on the part of the party in power to accept it or their inability to bring about party unity for the solution of these problems, would then fix responsibility and make a record upon which a successful campaign can be waged four years from now."

Governor Smith spoke, in brief, as one in whom the spirit of leadership still burned brightly, who was not inclined to minimize the potentialities of his fourteen million supporters, nor the uses of the radio.

▶▶Shipwreck

When the Federal investigation of the loss of the Vestris began before United States Commissioner O'Neill there existed in the public mind a conflict of theories and a confusion as to the exact facts. The early stages of this inquiry to some extent cleared up the situation, but not until all first-hand witnesses have been examined and weighed would it be fair to fix responsibility. Was the Vestris thoroughly inspected before she left port? Was she seaworthy? Were the ship's officers negligent in seeing that any possible ingress of water was impossible? Did Captain Carey delay too long in sending out his S O S? Were the boats properly handled and launched? Did the crew and officers do their full duty in saving passengers? These and other vital questions must be answered by separating the truth from a cross-tangle of contradictions.

In not very severe weather the sea forced its way into the coal bunkers and thence into the engine and boiler rooms—that much seems certain. The chief engineer testified that water was coming into the ship not from one but from four or five leaks; that two of these were from "working doors" against which coal was piled in the bunkers so that in at least one of the bunkers the leak could not be reached to be stopped; that water and pressure accumulated until (at 11.30 A.M. on Monday) "enormous" holes were broken through the bulkhead, the boilers were flooded, the engine already able to work only feebly, then stopped altogether and the end came quickly. The chief officer, next in command to Captain Carey, admitted that he did not personally inspect the coaling ports, a duty under his charge, but left it to a carpenter to do and had from him no adverse report. On the face of it these facts go far to explain what happened.

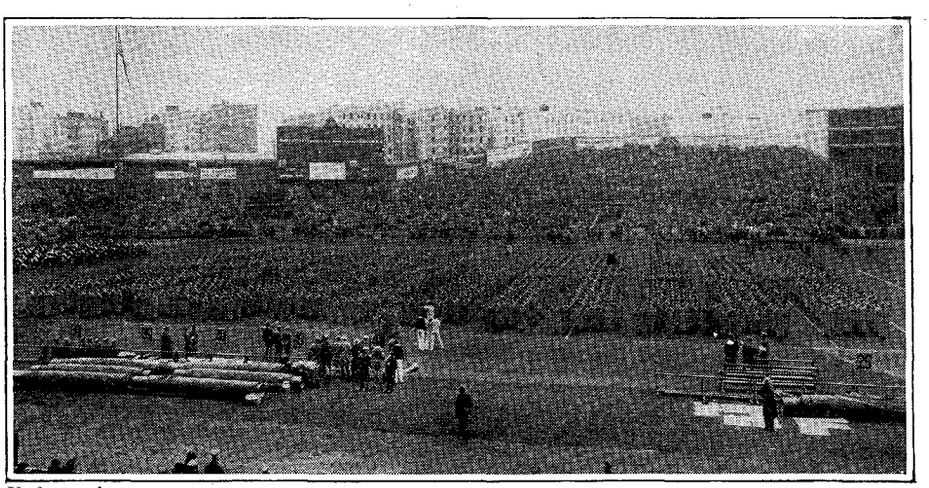
That a radio S O S alarm should have been sent out earlier is generally agreed. But Captain Carey, a seaman of long experience who went down with his ship, is not here to tell just why his mind worked as it did. Perhaps he was overconfident, perhaps under strain he lost his power of judgment, perhaps he was too much afraid of displeasing his owners. As to the last Edmund Burgess of the Radiomarine Corporation is quoted as saying, "There is not a ship commander alive who would send an S O S so long as there was a possible chance of avoiding abandonment of the ship. If he sent the distress call under any but the most urgent conditions he would never be able to get another berth."

General indignation has been expressed at the way in which the lifeboats were handled. What, it is asked, were captain and officers doing to allow boats to be filled for lowering on the port side (that was the high side) of the ship when there were enough boats on the other side. Inevitably there was

Underwood

CAPTAIN SCHUYLER CUMMINGS

Master of the American Shipper, which went to the aid of the Vestris survivors



Underwood

THE ARMY INVADES NEW YORK

The West Point cadet corps parading at the Yankee Stadium before the game in which the Army team was defeated by Notre Dame

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Underwood

HIS NAME IS LIONEL LICORICE

The little negro quartermaster of the Vestris who took charge of one of the lifeboats and aided in the rescue of at least twenty people

trouble in getting the port boats into the water—more than trouble, there was tragedy. It was through this blundering that so many helpless children and women were lost; forty out of sixty-nine passengers dead or missing were women or children, truly an ironical twist of the sea's first principle in disaster: "Women and children first."

As with many other tragedies at sea cowardice and heroism were both present in the story of the Vestris. One hopes that the full testimony will lessen the first charges that negro coal passers refused to row or to help those afloat in the sea. A fine contrast is the conduct of a little negro quartermaster rejoicing in the name of Lionel Licorice, who crawled into a lifeboat containing an injured fireman and no oars, who again braved the shark-infested seas to swim to a capsized boat for oars, and then rowed back and forth through the wreckage for hours until he had picked up all the survivors he could find. Sixteen was his own count of those he saved; others said twenty.

▶▶*Speed on the Seas*

NOT VERY LONG AGO it seemed to be the general belief of shipping men that few attempts would be made to increase the speed of great passenger liners.

About the beginning of this year, however, it became definitely known that the North German Lloyd was building two ships capable of very unusual speed. Suddenly, the shipping men abandoned their talk about the futility of faster ships. And now it is known that the Mauretania of the Cunard Line, the fastest passenger vessel afloat, will have a complete overhauling at a cost of $500,000.

The Mauretania is to have new condenser tubes and new pumps. With these she will be able to maintain her best speed of 26½ knots. It is probable that sentiment had something to do with the decision of the Cunard directors to have this work done. On the other hand, valuable publicity is received by having a blue-ribbon liner.

▶▶*Our Navy's Policy*

WITHIN twenty-four hours of President Coolidge's Armistice Day speech, in which he stated our need for more cruisers, the General Naval Board's report was published outlining our naval policy. The report is brief, occupying about two and a half newspaper columns. It is simple and clear and worth reading by any citizen.

What is meant by a naval policy? That is what the report begins by explaining. It continues by outlining the policy which the General Naval Board has adopted and the Secretary of the Navy has approved.

"Naval policy is the system of principles, and the general terms of their application, governing the development, organization, maintenance, training and operation of a navy. It is based on and is designed to support national policies and national interests. It comprehends the questions of number, size, type and distribution of naval vessels and stations, the character and number of the personnel, and the character of peace and war operations.

"The navy of the United States should be maintained in sufficient strength to support its policies and its commerce and to guard its continental and overseas possessions.

"The Washington Treaty Limiting All Naval Armament is the supreme law of the powers party to the treaty, governing their naval armaments as to capital ships, aircraft carriers and the size and armament of cruisers.

"The spirit of the treaty indicates two elements of international import: A general desire to avoid competition in naval armament and a partial recognition of a ratio in naval strengths as a means of avoiding competition."

In general the Board says that our naval policy is for a "navy second to none" with its strength principally for battle purposes.

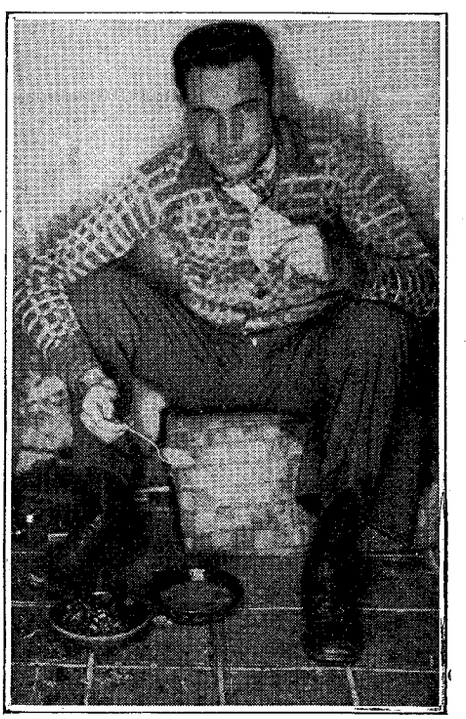
As to cruisers it states the policy as follows: "To support the fleet and protect our commerce, replace all old cruisers with modern cruisers of 10,000 standard tons displacement, carrying 8-inch guns, and, in addition, to build similar cruisers at a rate that will maintain effective cruiser tonnage in conformity with the capital ship ratios."

It is also for the maintenance of a well balanced fleet in all classes with "great radius of action."

▶▶*Oil Trials Flow On*

WITH THE JURY tampering charge coming into the Stewart perjury case, it becomes practically certain that criminal proceedings growing out of the oil leasing frauds of the Harding Administration will extend into the Hoover Administration. They have dragged through the almost six years of the Coolidge Administration—and, though two Presidential elections have intervened, have produced not the slightest political effect.

The tale of the oil lease frauds, probably the most damnable in the history of the Federal Government, is all but told. Colonel Stewart is the last of the



Underwood

PRISON APPETITE

Toral, assassin of President-elect Obrego, enjoying a meal in his cell where he awaits execution

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

defendants and he, having been acquitted of contempt of the Senate, is seeking to escape conviction for perjury by pleading, practically, that he really was in contempt of the Senate. What a pity that there was resort by some one to the sordid business of trying to "fix" jurors, that the whole miserable mess could not have ended before the incoming of a new Administration!

▸▸Hospital Costs

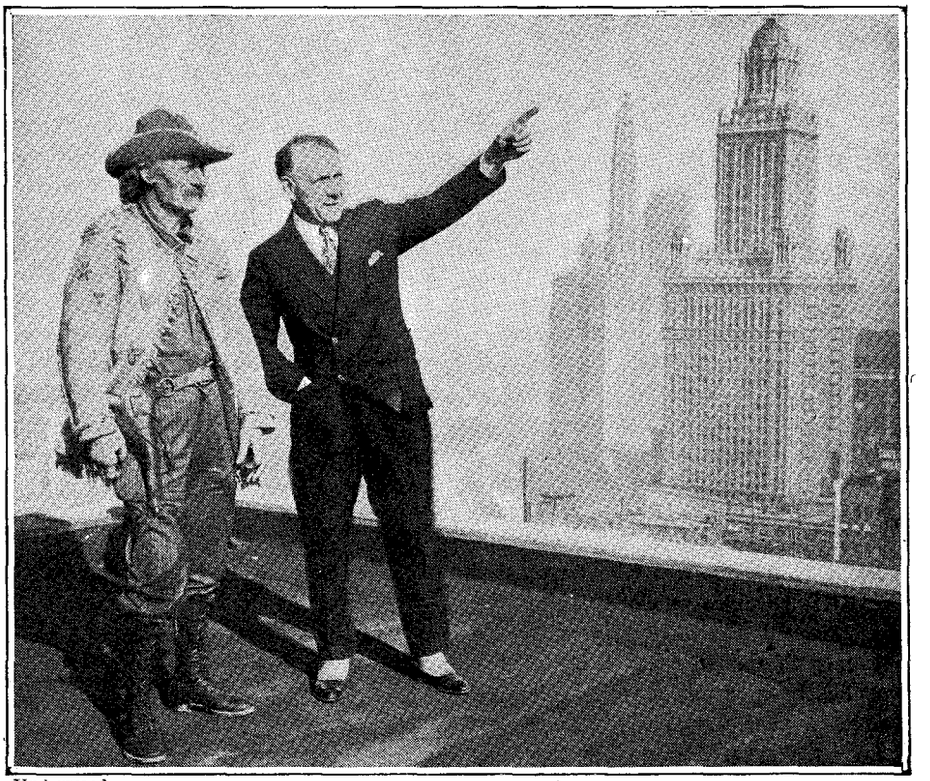
THE UNITED HOSPITAL FUND, again making an appeal for financial assistance, offers the interesting information that the average time spent by patients in hospitals is shorter than it was ten or fifteen years ago. Statistics compiled from the records of fifty-nine hospitals comprising the United Hospital Fund show the average stay now to be fourteen days and seven hours. Ten years ago it was sixteen days and twelve hours.

Whether this constitutes any saving, other than time, to the private patient is by no means certain. Hospitals costs have risen enormously in the last decade. Sickness is still, to the man of moderate means, almost a calamity. In a biting and undoubtedly accurate article in the November "American Mercury," Mr. Chester T. Crowell pays his respects to the American hospital. Why, he demands, should the citizen earning $3,000 a year be forced to pay exhorbitant rates for a private room—the rates being exhorbitant because the private pavilion must meet part of the cost of the free wards—at a time when he is ill? Charity is forced from him at the very moment when he is least able to pay.

▸▸Nice Longshoremen

LONGSHOREMEN working on the docks along the Brooklyn waterfront once cursed truck drivers, sailors and all others who crossed their path with purple profanity. The waterfront, in Brooklyn and everywhere else, was the last refuge of two-fisted men who took their whiskey straight and their fights as a matter of routine. Only such gallant early feminists as those described by Mr. Herbert Asbury in his "Gangs of New York" were safe among the haunts of longshoremen.

But now all this has changed. The Waterfront News Department—a new and still fancier term for press agent—of the Bush Terminal Company of Brooklyn declares the waterfront "safe for women." Longshoremen say "by golly," "oh, rather," and "Great Scott" instead of ***. They now address truckmen as "sir." And even "family girls, the finest in the city" are employed in offices on the docks. Men telephone operators have been replaced by "beautiful young girls" and their ears are polluted by no swearing.



Underwood

DEADWOOD DICK IN THE BIG CITY

The Old Scout arrives in Chicago via airplane on his way to invite President Coolidge to pass his next vacation in the Black Hills

▸▸Peasant Rule in Rumania

FOR HALF A CENTURY powerful landed and financial interests, headed by the Bratianu family, have dominated Rumania. Now, suddenly, power has passed to the National-Peasant party, led by Julius Maniu, who refused last May to sanction an armed rebellion against the Bratianu administration when his followers wanted him to do so.

The policies of the new Government remain to be developed; but one tendency was shown in almost immediate disclosures of fraud and graft in the national payrolls under the Bratianu régime. Many of Maniu's former political opponents are reported to be vying with each other for chances to join his faction; while the Bratianu Liberals are preparing to fight hard in the forthcoming elections.

▸▸Poincaré Tries Again

BREAKING WITH THE RADICALS and basing his power once more on the moderate and conservative factions in the French Parliament, Poincaré has formed his fifth Cabinet and set himself to solve the problem of German reparations for war damages. To do this, he has freed himself of the Ministry of Finance, which he held in his recent Cabinet of National Union, and has taken the chairmanship without portfolio in order to be unofficially "Minister of Debts and Reparations." Thus he faces what may well be the greatest task and test of his public career.

With Aristide Briand still his Minister for Foreign Affairs, the relations of France with other nations will obviously be kept unchanged; and that is a good omen for the future. His new Cabinet has already won two votes of confidence in Parliament, although not by large majorities. And Poincaré himself has repeated his earlier intention to take up the question of fixing German payments "in such a manner as to enable us to pay our debts to England and America and leave to us a reasonable indemnity." Meanwhile, he has laid aside on the table the bill of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ratification of the debt settlements with Great Britain and the United States, to be considered when the program for German payments has been finally fixed. The stage is set for the new committee of experts to start work.

A Simple Scheme

Mr. Horace D. Taft of the Taft School has a simple plan whereby the corruption which attends the enforcement of prohibition can be eliminated: let every man stop drinking. Mr. Taft should have submitted the idea to Mr. W. C. Durant, who has offered $25,000 for the best solution.

Mr. Taft makes known his views in a letter to the "New York Times" and in this it becomes perfectly clear that abstinence is the only way out. He begins with the assertion that prohibition has been worth several billions of dollars a year financially. There has been a "great reduction" in the total amount of drinking. Prohibition has been of great benefit to the poor. On the other hand, Mr. Taft admits, an "enormous amount of corruption" has resulted.

"The drinker," Mr. Taft writes after chiding the editor of the "Times" for not having thought of this, "has the remedy absolutely in his own hands. If he does not pay the dollar for the drink, the bootlegger has no appeal and the half-dollar or more does not serve as a bribe."

Mr. Taft goes on to assert that talk about "modification is silly," that a referendum on repeal of the Amendment would result in an overwhelming dry victory and that prohibition has become a world movement. It is making progress in England, Scotland, Ireland, Germany and Scandinavia. The United States must face the facts! Abstinence is the only solution "in harmony with the trend of modern civilization."

William Hamlin Childs

We deeply regret to record the death of William Hamlin Childs who passed away in his seventy-second year on Friday, November 2. Mr. Childs was for many years a valued member of the Board of Directors of the Outlook Company. He was born in Hartford, Connecticut, began his business life in the adjoining town of Manchester, came to New York to take an active part in the administration and development of the Barrett Company (afterwards merged with the Allied Chemical Company) and rapidly grew to be influential and distinguished among the captains of industry in this great city.

Although his business interests were wide, important, onerous and successful, he devoted much of his time and thought to public service and philanthropy at considerable self-sacrifice. He was a personal friend and supporter of Theodore Roosevelt in the Progressive campaign of 1912 and contributed much money and time to that cause. In the Fusion municipal campaign of 1918, in which the late Mayor Mitchell ran against John F. Hylan, he actively supported Mr. Mitchell. After Mayor Mitchell's defeat the Hylan forces endeavored to punish Mr. Childs by causing him to be indicted on alleged charges of not having made proper returns of the monies spent in Mr. Mitchell's behalf. The indictment was finally dismissed by the courts as groundless, although the political powers that brought the charges succeeded in causing Mr. Childs considerable annoyance.

A lasting monument to Mr. Childs exists in the form of the Downtown Community House on Washington Street near the Battery which, at a cost of a quarter million of dollars, Mr. Childs three years ago presented to the Bowling Green Association "for the perpetual welfare of the men, women and children who live and work in lower Manhattan." At the dedication of this building both Governor Smith and Mayor Walker participated in the ceremonies and expressed their sincere appreciation of Mr. Childs's efforts for the upbuilding of New York City.

Mr. Childs had a large circle of warm personal friends who will long remember his upright integrity, his civic and public spirit, his marked capacity for friendship and his spontaneous but singularly unassuming generosity.

Remarkable Remarks

The forces of evil are exceedingly powerful.—Calvin Coolidge.

Mankind is now just an infant a few months old at the most, who up until but a minute ago has been lying in his crib, shaking his rattle.—Dr. Robert A. Millikan.

Our statesmen know diplomatic and legal technicalities, but there is a tremendous vacancy in their minds regarding psychology. — Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt.

Today in these grand and imperial United States we have got government nearly at its worst—a thundering herd of jackasses led by jackals.—H. L. Mencken.

Atheism is by several howls the most fervent and evangelical cult in the United States.—Charles W. Ferguson.

While you should never gamble, since it is both wrong and unprofitable, you should be extra careful not to sell short. —Arthur Brisbane.

There is hardly a single off-color practice in corporate financing that does not have its counterpart in our institutions of higher learning. — William B. Munro.

If Harvard and Columbia have not, at the moment, Professors of Shingle Bobbing and Facial Massage they soon will. —Elmer Davis.

We have a nerve to make fun of the ostrich.—Heywood Broun.

Rights of the Press

Freedom of the press is one of the foundation stones of American liberty. Checked only by the laws of libel, newspapers are free to praise and criticize freely. Not long ago, the Supreme Court of Minnesota upheld a lower court which had enjoined publication of the "Saturday Press," a Minneapolis journal said to have published a series of articles exposing racketeering, vice and gambling in Minneapolis, and hinting at connivance upon the part of public officials. The paper was suppressed under a Minnesota statute making it a nuisance to publish matter which a court may hold defamatory or malicious.

On November 14, the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, assembled in Norfolk, Virginia, passed a unanimous resolution condemning the Supreme Court's action. "The action of the Minnesota Legislature and courts," said the resolution in part, "if permitted to stand, will render all guarantees of free speech valueless in Minnesota, and such choking of thought and expression can be extended further if not checked . . . . We call upon all free and loyal Americans to demand the restoration of the right of free speech."

A somewhat analogous case is now on its way through the courts of New York City. Police Commissioner

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Warren barred a reporter of the "New York Evening Post" from Police Headquarters and its news sources. Numerous reasons were given. The commissioner indicated that Louis Davidson, the reporter, had given unfair angles to various news stories emanating from headquarters, and said freely that any other reporter from the "Post" would be welcomed. The "Post" took the matter to court where Justice Ingraham dismissed the suit, not upon its merits, but because, he said in effect, Davidson and not his employer was the aggrieved party, and therefore should have brought suit personally. The "Post" has appealed from the decision and now the Appellate Division of New York's Supreme Court will have an opportunity not only to decide upon Justice Ingraham's decision, but to rule upon the merits of the case.

▸▸*Cashing in for Eli*

THE YOUNG MEN who represent Yale at rowing, baseball, track and a dozen minor sports frequently add to her glory but seldom to her purse. The young men who play football for her do both; indeed, they support the players of all other sports. Thus, last year a deficit of $64,639 was charged to rowing, $29,309 to track, $19,824 to baseball and so on down to golf with $2,737 in the hole. Football earned $1,033,211, paid $352,835 to visiting teams, incurred debts of $137,291 and turned in the tidy profit of $543,084.

After paying the expenses of the other Yale athletes, the football players were still able to contribute $77,529 to the golf club, $40,000 to the construction of Cox Memorial Field House, $84,000 to the baseball stands, $80,803 to real-estate development to secure better playing fields.

Deplorers of the exploitation of college football players will deplore in vain while they continue as the benefactors of all undergraduate sports.

▸▸*Lifeboats of the Air*

THE PARACHUTE is the lifeboat of the air. When disaster overcomes a ship the boats are ordered away loaded with passengers and crew to await the merciful approach of the rescuer. When disaster overcomes a plane, the aviator leaps clear, counts ten, pulls his rip cord and floats in safety to the ground. But sometimes lifeboat lines are fouled and human freight plunged to death in the sea. Sometimes parachutes, it seems, may not open, but close the door to safety. A transport plane crashed near San Antonio, Texas, carrying six enlisted men to their deaths. All of the men were shut in the cabin. When the pilot lost control and jumped clear, shouting to the men to do likewise, a parachute, prematurely opened, blocked the only means of exit. The accident occurred 3,000 feet in the air. Each man was equipped with a parachute which would have saved him. But one faulty one sent all to their deaths.

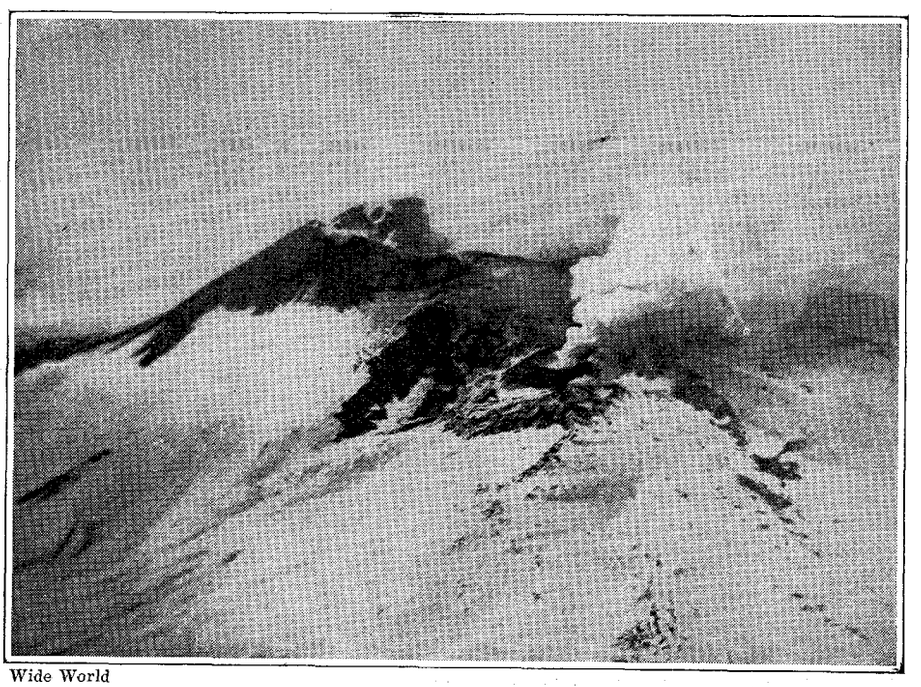
▸▸*Texas "Hoovercrats"*

THOSE STATES which looked upon the election decision as a warrant for turning their attention peaceably again to their own concerns do not include Texas. The unexpected swing into the Hoover column has left behind a bitter struggle for control of the Democratic Party machinery which seriously threatens the political careers of party leaders, including Governor Dan Moody and Senator Morris Sheppard, if it does not actually presage a permanent partisan division in the State.

The pro-Hoover Democrats, led by ex-Governor O. B. Colquitt and former Secretary Thomas B. Love of the Democratic National Committee, challenged to a continuance of the battle as soon as the choice of the Republican electors became reasonably apparent. Smarting from the charges of "party traitors" and "religious bigots" hurled at them during the campaign and afterward, they demanded vengeance, which, according to the ultimatums from their various leaders, is promised to take the following forms:

State Democratic Chairman D. W. Wilcox, who took official responsibility last summer for excluding the Hoover Democrats from the State convention, must resign his office in favor of a "Hoovercrat" and thus recognize the "Hoovercrat" claim that the bolters are the majority in the party. Next, Governor Moody and Senator Sheppard must "explain"—that is, eat humble pie—their support of the Smith ticket, which the "Hoovercrats" denounce as not representing the real party. Finally, this winter's session of the State Legislature, composed of a majority of nominal Smith supporters, must repeal the official pledge binding voters at the State Democratic primaries to the support of the party nominees and at the same time make it a criminal offense in the future to attempt to bind any voter to be partisan against his conscience.

Equally embittered by defeat and by epithets of "party wreckers" and "brass-collar" Democrats, the regular faction is refusing all concessions. The "Hoovercrats," the regulars assert, miss being a party majority, since they had to rely on the votes of more than 100,000 regular Republicans to carry Texas for Hoover by 15,000. The "Hoovercrats" have left the party, and



Wide World

SICILY'S MENACE

A recent aerial view of Mt. Etna

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so far as concerns favors or places in the organization, they can make up their minds to stay out. The faithful have further added to the amenities by insisting that party traitors do not deserve any extra consideration merely because their treachery happens to have proved temporarily successful.

Both groups propose to maintain fully staffed permanent headquarters and carry the fight to the finish. The first phase of the struggle will doubtless come in the regular session of the Legislature in January; in February it will again be reflected in various city elections throughout Texas where mayoralty candidates who offended the "Hoovercrats" by maintaining party loyalty too fervently are marked for slaughter. The real test of the movement against the faithful will necessarily be deferred until the battle for the control of the party State machinery opens in the primaries and convention of the summer of 1930.

▸▸An Execution is Halted

DURING THE WEEK that saw Mr. Hoover elected, Gangi Cero expected to die. The Commonwealth of Massachusetts had found him guilty of murdering Joe Fantasia. He was to go as Sacco and Vanzetti went—in the same room, in the same chair. They didn't come for him on Monday, and he prepared himself for the next day. They spared him on Tuesday, too, and he got ready for Wednesday. Again they failed to come for him. The fact was, politics were in a ferment in the Bay State and prison officials were preoccupied. They would get their man in time; he couldn't get away.

So when Governor Smith had the State and Mr. Hoover the Nation, the jailers designated the final moment for Gangi Cero. After midnight on Thursday. But they had waited a day too long. For on that fatal Thursday Gangi Cero's brother produced a girl. Her name was Philomena Romano. She said she had been walking with Joe Fantasia when he was killed and his killer was not Cero but Sam Gallo.

Gallo's name was not unknown to the authorities. He was, in fact, in jail with Gangi Cero but on a much less serious charge. He had tried to bribe the chief witness of the prosecution in the trial of Cero, offering him $2,500 if he would retract his identification of Cero as the man who ran away when Joe Fantasia was killed. It seemed a friendly thing to do, but when Gangi Cero and Sam Gallo met in the jail yard Cero knifed him three times.

The assault remained a mystery. Philomena Romano supplied the motive. Her story impressed Governor Fuller sufficiently to win for Gangi Cero a thirty-day reprieve. He may live to be peculiarly thankful for the election of 1928.

▸▸Men on Horseback

THERE IS a touch of the pathetic in the reiterations of cavalry officers that this arm of the service is just as essential as in the past. They acknowledge the usefulness of tanks, airplanes, motorcycles and armored cars, but they insist that there will always be places where these cannot go.

Underwood

NICARAGUA'S PRESIDENT-ELECT

General Jose Maria Moncada, Liberal leader who was chosen by his people in the American supervised election of November 4

The most recent plea for the cavalry comes, naturally enough, from Major General Herbert B. Crosby, chief of cavalry. In his annual report to Secretary of War Davis, General Crosby admits that this age of mechanization has revolutionized warfare. Yet this does not mean that the mounted soldier has not his uses. General Crosby points out, in fact, that mechanization has been called to the aid of the cavalry. All regular Army units have been equipped with motor trucks so that the horses and men can be taken to the scene of action with greater speed.

The effectiveness of cavalry in war is a question to be decided by experts. Certainly we shall be glad to believe General Crosby right. The airplane may have taken the place of horse troops for scouting. But it will be a drab day when the Army has no men-on-horseback.

▸▸Remember These Two

AT THIS TIME OF YEAR two of our largest and finest national agencies for fighting disaster and disease present the opportunity for all Americans to take part in the work.

The American Red Cross has long since passed the time when it was necessary to explain that its relief is offered and needed in time of peace as well as war. What it has done this year and last year, in the Mississippi flood, the Porto Rico and Florida tornado disasters and the collapse of the St. Francis dam, are only major instances; there have been a hundred and seventy disasters calling for help. Only in the most wide-spread calamities are special calls for contributions sent forth by the Red Cross. In the main its support comes from its November Roll Call, through which its members renew their annual dollar subscription and new members are enrolled. The goal for this year's membership is set at 5,000,000. Through instruction and training, health and safety are promoted in the individual home as well as in the times of mass suffering. To quote President Coolidge, "Wherever and whenever an emergency has caused human suffering the American Red Cross to the extent of its very abundant ability has rendered relief."

The Christmas Seal has become an almost universal part of the holiday season. It is a pleasure for the Outlook and Independent to recall the fact that its introduction into America came from an article by Jacob Riis in this journal in which he described what it had done in Denmark. For some years the Red Cross in whole or in part conducted the sale of the Christmas Seals, but for about ten years it has been done solely by the National Tuberculosis Association. The money raised by it, trivial as to the individual donor but large in the aggregate, has been of enormous help in carrying on the war against the white plague.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editorials

Our Course in Mexico

WE IN THE United States have an inveterate tendency to judge other nations and their ways by ourselves and our ways. And never is this more true than when we look across the Rio Grande at our neighbors to the south.

If the United States and Western Europe represent the Twentieth Century, Mexico in many respects represents something nearer to the Fifteenth. If Mexico, populated by men of Latin race, Indians and half-breeds, were suddenly to come up abreast with the times, her civilization would not be like that of the United States or Great Britain or the kindred nations of Northern Europe.

Mexico is a land of people who like to act or, in any event, who do act quite differently. This worries us. We find it hard to conceive that they would not be happier if they were more like us, or that progress for them may lie in a divergent direction determined by unlike individuality. The record of our relations with Mexico is primarily a record of failure to understand another point of view.

In the series of articles on "The Red Thread in the Mexican Maze," the author has presented charges which require facing and conclusions which challenge consideration.

His charges are to the effect that the United States has influenced, both by action and policy, the course of affairs in his country, in order to make them take the turn that it thought desirable. By his analysis of the policies of both Democratic and Republican Administrations, he has shown that the United States is responsible in no small measure for the present situation in Mexico.

His conclusions are that the present Government is bad for Mexico and a menace to the rest of Latin America and the United States because it is radical with Communist affiliations, that the recognition of the United States keeps it in power, that the United States should break off diplomatic relations and so open the way to its overthrow and to the establishment of a Government based on the old constitution of 1857 instead of the new constitution of 1917.

Whether these conclusions are to be accepted depends partly on acceptance of the basis of his argument. This is that the type of administration directed by Porfirio Diaz was best suited to Mexico. That question only Mexicans can or should answer. Insofar as the United States has determined the answer one way or the other, we have been in the wrong. Yet to turn back now and try to redetermine the answer all over again would be to make the old mistake.

We have to deal with the present and the future. At the same time we cannot escape the fact that our attitude does and will affect the course of affairs in Mexico. What is best for the Mexican people is inescapably their own business. We are concerned with three things. One is respect for the rights and property of citizens of the United States in Mexico; another is security for the rights and property of citizens of other nations with whom we have friendly relations and whose Governments cannot move freely in dealing with Latin American republics because our Monroe Doctrine prevents; a third is observance of international amity.

Apparently our Government is convinced that the best way to safeguard these rights is by direct negotiation with the Mexican Government. The people of the United States and their officials are aware that the authorities in Mexico are difficult to deal with and unreliable. But there is no violation of international rights at present to justify rupture of relations. The matter of Communist affiliations and international propaganda is more difficult to decide. There seems to be no evidence at present of overt antagonism to the Government at Washington or covert agitation fomented by Mexico in the United States. Should there be, that alone would be reason enough in itself to break off relations.

What concerns us in Mexico, briefly, is the maintenance of recognized international law. Whatever the faults of our policy in the past, we have no grounds for a change in our attitude now so long as these rules are kept. For the rest, the destiny of Mexico belongs to Mexicans.

Sense—and Sensibility

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S speech on Armistice Day serves notice on the world that America, for the time being at least, is done with sentimentalism. In form it was a harsh notice. Armistice Day is for millions in Europe a day of mourning for the dead. While "the drumbeats of a new destiny," to use the President's phrase, are sounding in our ears, in the ears of Europe there still sound the drumbeats of burial squads. To choose this occasion to say before the world that America needs new cruisers and that the cost of the war to us may be reckoned up in hundreds of millions of dollars may make us appear as rather more callous and unimaginative than we are.

Nevertheless it is well for European Governments to understand that America, though given to idealism, is after all a land of sense as well as sentiment. We have not always seemed so. Before the Geneva Naval Conference the President, by opposing the building of more cruisers, made it appear that we thought we might get the Governments of the world to disarm by setting a good example. Since then the President has seen that Naval Conference fail and has watched England and France reach a naval agreement that would be obviously to our disadvantage. He has found—or thought it best to let the Nation find—that good examples do not count for much in diplomatic negotiations. There is a Naval Conference coming on in 1931. When you go into a deal it is well to take with you something to trade with.

In a world which is not yet disarmed common sense tells us that we should have regard to "world standards of defense." We have proposed to the nations that war be renounced. Meanwhile, those same nations should understand that the reason we make this proposal is not that we are unable or unwilling to face the alternative.

And though we have made real contributions to the economic recovery of Europe, we shall not willingly shoulder the cost of reparations.

From liberal minds in Europe we have the right to expect an understanding of our position. To other minds in Europe it may well be necessary to impart understanding by rather blunt speech. In such minds the President's words will serve to promote understanding at this time by his emphasis on America's common sense.

The Editors

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From the Life

The Grossmutter

By IBBY HALL

THERE is an ancient hausfrau in Germany who has lived a long and useful life. All the joys and beauties and ills of womankind had been hers. For she has known love and marriage, has borne children and brought them up conscientiously, has suffered bereavement and known widowhood and has passed through all the throes of her country's wars during the last century. She must often have wondered what life held for her children and grand-children and great-grand-children. Certainly she has found the answer to most of her wonderment, for she has lived composedly and in her right mind now to the crowning age of ninety-eight years.

But only the other day this worthy woman folded her hands upon her breast, closed her eyes wearily upon the passing sights of the world and slipped away for a brief respite in Eternity.

The family had been expecting it. Each year it had been a marvel to them that the Grossmutter was still alive, and each year the little Grossmutter had not only managed to keep on living, but had consistently played her rôle as the head of the family. She had known what was best for all of them. She had never failed to point out to the accumulating younger generation the duties and obligations owing her moral world.

In vain had those young descendants pointed out to her that times had changed. In vain had they asserted their own independence, and adopted modern ways of thought. The Grossmutter had known best and had been stronger than any of them. She had not foreseen that death ends everything, even the rule of the old. She had thought that she would live forever to preach sternly from her great book of wisdom, and to point out the unwelcome paths of duty to rebellious youth.

Naturally they had been proud of their relative's great age. But no one can live forever, and an easy lesson for youth to learn is to reconcile itself to the thought of death for the old.

The ancient little Grossmutter was dead and the family was reconciled. They wrapped her gently and respectfully in her shroud—still a little fearful of that stern, reproving countenance. They laid upon her breast a crucifix and a rosary. Humanity's last proper cradle was ordered for her in the proper length. And she who had been so dauntless in life was lifted into her narrow bed undaunted by darkness.

The lid of the box that held her waited for the close of the funeral services. She must have numbered a great many friends in a century's time, but she had doubtless lost as many. In all probability those who gathered in the small parlor to hear the prayers and sermon for the dead were of youth and a new order. Age lay in its coffin. Dust to dust. Youth has its triumph.

The last prayer trembled its way toward Heaven. The candle flames bent and flickered in their passing. In the gentle silence that precedes the final unlovely bustle of death, the clearing away of the unwanted rubbish, the last move toward order and the re-establishment of life—in that moment of stillness no one moved or stirred.

No one moved but Grossmutter. As though a familiar face had bent too closely above that cradle, the quiet figure there stirred uneasily in her sleep. She stirred and sighed. Her hand moved blindly to the weight of rosary and crucifix, that pressed so heavily upon her recovered breathing. That had been a pleasant rest. But now she was uncomfortable. It was time to return to the business of getting up, of moving about, of directing life. The little Grossmutter sat up and wondered where she had left her slippers.

This was outrage. The horrified mourners with stiffened hair and chilly flesh stared at that small shrouded figure sitting upright in its coffin. The waking eyes stared back at them. She had brought them up to be honest. She had returned to uncover their last dishonesty. She drew a deep breath and began to speak.

THE LITTLE Grossmutter preached her own funeral sermon. For a century she had loved them and brought them up and instructed them in the ways of living. It had never occurred to her to instruct them in the ways of death, and what had they done to her? They had tried to bury her alive. At the thought her indignation almost overcame her. She was nearly forced to lie down again. But she recovered quickly and went on.

No one dared to move. It was as though the very life had left their own bodies, to return to that still form. They were the corpses now. They were the dead and the dust.

It was the end of the funeral but only the beginning of the Grossmutter's renewed activities. For on the following day the authorities began their investigation. It was useless to protest. When, at ninety-eight, one folds one's hands and passes into unconsciousness, is one not dead? What other reasonable conclusion could be reached by a loving family? What earthly use to call in a doctor?

It was only the Grossmutter who could have been so strong. Only that undying figure of age, who could have defied life and progress, even the progress of extinction. And it was the Grossmutter who had the last word with the authorities.

Our Own Theatre Guide

"The Front Page." TIMES SQUARE. A night in a Chicago press room; lots of humor, action and drama.

"Strange Interlude." JOHN GOLDEN. O'Neill's finest drama which you've all heard about by this time.

"Gentlemen of the Press." 48TH STREET. Newspaper drama; humor and sentiment.

"This Thing Called Love." BIJOU. Violet Heming in another play about marriage that is sometimes touching, sometimes surprising, always amusing.

With Music

"This Year of Grace." SELWYN. Beatrice Lillie and Noel Coward in a thoroughly delightful London revue.

"Three Cheers." GLOBE. Will Rogers at his best, pinch-hitting for Fred Stone.

"Animal Crackers." 44TH STREET. The Four Marx Brothers as funny as ever, but not much else.

"Treasure Girl." ALVIN. Gertrude Lawrence, lovely settings, and haunting music offset a poor book.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

WE HAD an opportunity last week to contrast the product of what might be called our "earnest" playwrights with the productions of our professional merry makers. We saw Caroline Francke's "Exceeding Small" at the Comedy Theatre, and then hurriedly went out and attended George Cohan's "Billie" and Owen Davis's latest production, "Tonight At Twelve."

So far as we are concerned, we must say that the odds are all in favor of the professional merry makers. We know people who insist that "Exceeding Small" is a very fine drama and ought to get some prize or other. But it did not click with us. We knew as soon as the curtain rose that there never was any real person like the rich, Jewish gentleman who wished to be introduced to a pretty young girl. We knew that no such idiot as he was made out to be could retain his fortune five minutes, even granted that he had made it on a race track. As one horn of the dilemma in which a young girl in New York may be placed, when she works for a living and can either marry a young man with no money, or take marriage without love with a rich old fool—as one of the horns of the dilemma, he seemed so unnecessarily awful that we didn't believe him for a minute. We just knew that the playwright was going to show us how awful life was. But we also knew it wasn't as awful as that.

It was quite clear, though, that the heroine of the play believed it; and that it was one of the things that made her decide for love and poverty, even though her choice was represented to her by everybody as being practically hopeless from the start. Anyway, she and the boy friend married and went to live in one room—and Eddie developed a bad heart at a party and the doctor said he ought to rest for six months. And in such a situation, it seemed, there was nothing for the lady to do except go on the streets as a street walker (although we thought that was *passé*), and rather than do that, of course, any husband would turn on the gas—and so they did that; they turned on the gas. And we went wearily home.

Well, we knew it in the beginning when we saw all the gas tubes on the stage. Gradually the playwright cut off every single possible avenue of escape for those young people. She destroyed all their relatives; she gave them the lowest possible order of friends; she just kept after them act after act until they had to turn on the gas.

In short, she seemed plain mean. We pictured her caring only about making an absolutely airtight play; one that couldn't be criticized, the reactions of whose characters would be absolutely inevitable. And she did succeed in doing this. The trouble was we didn't believe it. And we thought it was acted in a very amateurish manner. And we resolved then and there to go to see George Cohan's show, "Billie."

POLLY WALKER
in George M. Cohan's "Billie"

We found it exactly as we expected. Book by Mr. Cohan, lyrics by Mr. Cohan, production by Mr. Cohan, played by George M. Cohan's comedians, the whole a musicalization of a Cohan farce. If you were at all familiar with George Cohan's methods, you could close your eyes and picture almost everything that was coming. You could visualize the New York home of Jackson Jones, the business office of the Jones Chewing Gum plant, the exterior of the plant, and the great gardens of the Jones's home. They were all just as they have been since Mr. Cohan began writing for the stage.

And, yet, you can't get away from it. It's done so excellently, so deftly, so smoothly that the entire evening has slipped away before you have even begun to fumble for your watch. There's a turn of wit in almost every scene and the lyrics are sprightly, occasionally almost Gilbertian. And one or two of the melodies are extra good. Throughout there's the same old Cohan dancing, the same conception of musical comedy, the same feeling of Third Avenue come in to money and doing very well on Broadway. Yes, it is second rate, in a sense, if you will, but it's the best of its kind. And this goes without mentioning some of the skits in it, one of which seemed to us the funniest we had seen this year—although it is merely a telephone conversation consisting of "No, no. Yes, yes. No, no," in different and varying inflections, which lasts until curiosity is at the highest pitch; at which point the gentleman who has been conducting the telephone conversation puts down the receiver and in answer to his friend's query says "wrong number."

THE SAME professional smoothness and dexterity which characterizes "Billie" is apparent in Owen Davis's "Tonight at Twelve." By now, every one in New York knows the awful moment with which this play opens, in which the hostess of the evening remarks menacingly to her three women guests, while the men still remain smoking at the dinner table in the next room, that one of the three is her husband's mistress—and she intends to find out which one it is.

Not for anything would we tell you what happens. It holds your interest from the first minute and offers so pretty a mystery, so intelligently conceived and so deftly presented, that it would be a shame to give the answer in these columns. Go see it when you can! Added is the fact that all those suspected are women, and that the nature of the story is such that it brings out all the characteristics and hidden lives of practically everybody on the stage—with all the resultant touches of irony and humor which close-ups of human nature usually abound in. In conclusion, it offers an absolutely genuine solution which you kick yourself a little for not suspecting.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Premiere and a Debut

By EUGENE BONNER

RUMORS are rife these days that the curious and amazing deadlock said to exist between the two opposing factions which control the destinies of the Metropolitan Opera House has finally been broken and further reports, while not officially authenticated, point to the fact that an announcement will most probably be made in the near future regarding the new home of the oldest and most important of American operatic institutions.

And it is high time. The present auditorium at Broadway and Thirty-ninth Street, whatever sentimental appeal it may have for a great many opera goers, has served its purpose and has most decidedly outlived its usefulness as a great lyric theatre in which opera can be presented in the modern and up-to-date manner which has now become the *sine qua non* in most of the important opera houses of Europe and other places of public entertainment here in this country.

The auditorium itself, built on the order of the older European houses, is far too deep to begin with, while the seating arrangement is such that there are scores of seats, and not cheap ones at that, from which the stage is entirely invisible. One is moved to wonder at the builder who had the impertinence so to dispose of those poor unfortunates unlucky enough to have paid their good money for such delightfully "public-be-damned" seating accommodations.

The back-stage arrangements are inadequate to a degree little short of ludicrous while the accommodations for the artists beggar description when it is taken into consideration that this is, or at any rate is supposed to be, the richest operatic institution in the world.

Let us hope that the new house will not only be all that such a great lyric theatre should be on both sides of the footlights, but that the design of the auditorium itself will be such that it will be possible to present some of the more intimate types of operas which are entirely out of the question in the present building.

Many of the modern French and German works cannot be shown for that very reason or, if they are shown, they have little or no chance from the start. An opera like "Pélléas et Mélisande" for instance is almost completely lost in the Metropolitan and has only gained what footing it has there by reason of its having first been presented in the much smaller frame of the Manhattan Opera House in the old Hammerstein days, while such a thing as the "Ariadne auf Naxos" of Richard Strauss would be lost entirely.

THIS DELIGHTFUL and curious little work, by the way, was given its first American performance by the Philadelphia Civic Opera Company a couple of weeks ago and was extremely well done especially when it is taken into consideration that the company numbers a goodly number of amateurs among its members.

Most of the New York music critics made the pilgrimage down to the City of Brotherly Love in honor of the occasion and none of them seems to have regretted the effort as, while in certain respects the performance might have been improved, taken altogether it was done (under the musical direction of Alexander Smallens) with a delicacy and finish of which a far more experienced organization need not have been ashamed.

Nickolas Muray

LA ARGENTINA

It is a significant fact, that although Philadelphia has regular visits from the Metropolitan Opera Company, it has now two operatic organizations of its own, and is producing novelties as yet unheard in New York, such as the "Feuersnot" of Strauss and Erik Korngold's "Der Ring des Polykrates," both presented for the first time in America by the Philadelphia Civic Opera Company.

La Argentina has arrived and in the presence of one of the most distinguished looking audiences ever gathered together at the Town Hall scored an overwhelming success on the occasion of her début.

Strictly speaking, it was not her début in New York as she appeared here first in 1917 at a special matinée, and the following year danced in the Spanish Revue, "The Land of Joy," which made such a very great success at that time.

It is to be regretted that Mme. Argentina was unable to bring over the supporting company she had with her at the Théâtre Femina in Paris last summer, as the ballets given there with the assistance of her talented colleagues made a superb background for the very fascinating and unusual personality of this artist.

Here she makes her appearance in solo dances done to a piano accompaniment instead of the orchestra which she should have as a matter of course. In spite of this handicap she succeeds in holding her audiences absolutely spellbound. The castanets become in her hands, not merely a means of rhythmic expression, but a kind of orchestra in themselves. There seems to be no limit to the variety of tone-color, for that is exactly what it is, that she manages to produce from those bits of olivewood. As for her feet, she not only uses them for dancing, but literally makes music with them by the most delightfully intricate series of syncopated steps which, combined with her castanets, constitute an entirely self-contained orchestra.

AMONG the recitalists Ethel Bartlett and Rae Robertson in a two-piano recital drew a large-sized audience to the Guild Theatre where they gave a most interesting and beautifully played program. Two-piano teams are all too few, and when a really good one appears upon the scene, as in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Robertson, it is all the more welcome. Their program included original two-piano compositions by Couperin, Mozart, Brahms and others. Two numbers by Arnold Bax were particularly pleasing.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Foreign Policy on the Half-Shell

By JOHN CARTER

Since the war gave Americans an interest in foreign relations and the Armistice plus splendid isolation snatched it away, discussion of our policies has been preserved—on the half-shell—by numerous luncheon groups throughout the country. Strangely enough, in all of these discussions, the point of view is "agin the Government." Since this article was written, Mr. Carter, author of "Man Is War" and "Conquest, America's Painless Imperialism," has accepted a post in the State Department

AMERICAN foreign policy is so broad that it is not easy to define. It is composed of the political and economic common denominators of an entire Continent. It must reconcile the interests of a bewildering assortment of climatic, racial, economic and social diversities. So difficult is it to find the golden mean of policy that in our entire history we have formulated only a few general principles—Diplomatic Dissociation, the Freedom of the Seas, the Monroe Doctrine and the Open Door—which govern our international bearing. And nobody quite knows what any of these principles implies. Only when we are confronted with a specific problem can we react intelligibly.

Other nations, operating from narrower geographic bases or maintaining their particular interests intact through that type of political subordination which we call imperialism, are under no such disadvantage. Their policies are narrow, sharp-edged and easily comprehensible, where ours are broad, diffuse and somewhat undecipherable. Where other foreign policies are conducted in terms of velocity, ours are conducted in terms of momentum. Suggest to an Englishman that he should reduce his Navy, and you are reasonably sure of his answer. Tell a Frenchman that he ought to forego German Reparations and you know what he will say. But ask an American to concede the British right of blockade or to approve American membership in the League of European Nations, and it will be some time before he realizes that the British blockade involves the vital American doctrine of the Freedom of the Seas or that League membership affects our tradition of dissociation from the combinations of European diplomacy. When no concrete instance is involved, the American is prepared to discuss such questions on an academic basis, with no emotional sense of their probable effect upon his country's interests. Only when he is confronted with the spectacle of an American vessel seized by a British cruiser or with an instance of European intrigue against the United States, will he react as positively and nationalistically as any one.

In default of these concrete emergencies, however, there exists a comfortable intellectual vacuum, in which it is safe and pleasant to criticize and attack the foreign policies of the United States. Broad general principles in foreign policy produce vague, general discussions. Lack of clear, precise formulation encourages every man to use his own diplomacy. The whole situation has been cleverly capitalized by that section of the American people which really believes that after dinner speeches create public opinion and that it is possible to run a government by public oratory.

ACCORDINGLY, the open season for criticism of American foreign policy never ceases. No sooner does the winter of weekly, fortnightly and monthly discontent, of "open forums" and group luncheon clubs, come to a close than the glorious summer of "conferences" "round tables" and "institutes" bursts upon the State Department. Between times, droves of college professors sign round-robins about Nicaragua, China and the War Debts. All these methods of public discussion—one might almost call it diplomatic exhibitionism—are interesting and amusing, but none approaches the high comedy of the food-plus-oratory formula for hampering the administration of our foreign policies.

All bars fall. All holds are allowed. Anything—except American patriotism—goes down with the oyster-cocktails and steam-heated orations. In almost every considerable city of the United States there is a little group of good people who like their foreign policies served on the half-shell and with plenty of lemon juice. To name them all would be too onerous, to select a few would be unjust. Therefore, it is fairest to discuss them in terms of the hypothetical case of the Foreign Relations Group, Inc., with its thirty branches, its twenty thousand members, its advisory committee of three bankers, two former Democratic Ambassadors, five wealthy and unemployed ladies, four absentee editors, and one very able publicity man.

The object of the Foreign Relations Group is to eat and then discuss American foreign policy every other week. It functions on an absolutely non-partisan basis which aspires to knock the arrows from the claw of the eagle on our coins and to substitute an oyster-fork, prefatory to changing our national emblem from the Bird of Freedom to a Soft-Shelled Crab. To this end, the Group maintains five classes of membership, ranging in cost from $5,000 down to $5 a year—food extra. Its debates are sent out by radio. Its proceedings are fully reported in the local press. It pays its speakers substantial honoraria. And persistently, inveterately, and well-nigh instinctively, it misrepresents the patriotic American side of every question that comes before it.

Such misrepresentation, coupled with nation-wide publicity and undeniable prestige, is an irresponsible factor in our public opinion. It harasses the Administration at Washington with a lot of irrelevant opposition to the well-defined policies and legitimate interests of the United States. Worse still, it encourages the foreign opposition to these same policies and interests to assume that our Government is acting in defiance of American public opinion and leads to such head-on crashes and misunderstandings as the War Debt controversy, the breakdown of the Naval Conference at Geneva, and the Nicaraguan row.

TO TAKE a concrete instance, the Foreign Relations Group, Inc., holds a big debate on the question, "Should We Cancel the War Debts?" To discuss such a question at all implies that somebody must get up and say, "Yes, we should cancel the War Debts!" The protagonist of cancellation is likely to be a prominent figure in the party or group which is out of office or power at Washington. His criticism is not untinged by partisan considerations and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not without bearing on his own political ambitions. And what he says is "news." London and Paris papers please copy! They do. Delighted at this evidence that the British and French viewpoint is receiving strong American support, the British and French Governments and peoples are encouraged to believe that a change in American Administration will mean a change in policy. At any rate, London and Paris decide that a little more airing of the debt question is in order and the result is quite likely to be another "Uncle Shylock" episode in the European press or an ingenuous exchange of open letters between Messrs. Mellon and Churchill. Hard feeling is stirred up and nobody is benefited.

THE cause for this accidental contribution to international ill will is that it is impossible for the Foreign Relations Group to function save in an atmosphere of controversy; that, and the fact that there is no well-defined body of official opinion to counteract the irresponsible views which must be aired in order to please the majority of the Group's feminine members.

Without controversy there is no "news" and the discussion group wants to figure in the news. Scientific, dispassionate discussion would never "make the front page." Attack, moreover, is notably easier than defense. It is far pleasanter to bullyrag the State Department for its activities in the Caribbean than it is to expound those activities intelligently. One can always attract more attention by proclaiming that the American Government is a corrupt and brutal mechanism for dominating smaller nations than by stating the plain fact that the American Government exists to serve the general interests of the American—and of no other—people. And to attempt to refute the charge of brutality and corruption puts one in the posture of apologist or propagandist that is fair neither to the Government nor to the public.

At bottom, the trouble seems to be due to the women who form 90 per cent of the Group's membership. Some day the Treasury Department should publish a list of the women in this country who enjoy independent, unearned incomes of more than $10,000 a year. That list would coincide almost exactly with the sustaining membership of all the nice, vague, generous, "constructive" goodwill organizations of the United States. If you don't believe it, take a look at the audience at the next Group luncheon. You will see more beauty than brains, more furs and platinum than pencils and note-books, more white kid gloves than square chins. Our practical, unromantic, common-sense, rule-of-thumb diplomacy of the past decade awakens no enthusiasm in the breast of the woman member.

She wants action. She craves emotion. She hankers for the flesh-pots of Wilsonian eloquence. She wants to make the world safe for something. The idea of making the world safe for America is nothing to her. She gives her ears to the emotional orations of the Group's hand-picked speakers in the same good-natured manner in which she sends her annual check to the Association of Charities. She wants to do something for the heathen, and she doesn't care what it is as long as it sounds convincing. What she actually wants is a sort of moral bull-fight in which Error shall be slain by the Toreador of Truth.

She gets it. The Foreign Relations Group naturally must cater to the demand for action. It gives its public what it wants and what gets into the morning papers is designed more to enlarge its public and attract new members than to carry a cruel sport too far.

The arena of this bull-fight is provided by the wording of its "Questions": "Should We Intervene in Nicaragua?" "Have We a Constructive Foreign Policy?" "Should We Adopt the Big Navy Program?" These immediately suggest that we should *not* intervene in Nicaragua, that our foreign policy is *not* constructive, and that our naval program *is* inordinately large. Whoever accepts the affirmative side in the Group's debate is the predestined bull.

IN THE selection of the Toreador the game becomes more apparent. To assert that We Should Not Intervene in Nicaragua, the Group chooses, say, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler; to state that ours is not a Constructive Foreign Policy, the Group produces somebody of the calibre of G. W. Wickersham; to attack the "Big Navy" Program, the Group employs some prominent Episcopal Bishop. The other—the American side—is upheld by little men, without reputations which might lend weight to their words and without the oratorical presence which might make their views acceptable. Result: the College President, the former Attorney General and the Bishop receive a rising ovation, a Chatauqua salute and a vote of thanks while the wretched opponents of the cause of sweetness and light are lucky if they escape without being hissed.

For the charming ladies of the audience have come with their minds—or, rather, their emotions—entirely made up. They are on the negative side, against the Government, and are out to see blood. The cause of accuracy and fairness is knocked all over the arena and every one goes home happy, with the feeling that Something Constructive Has Been Accomplished.

It is difficult to imagine any permanent substitute for this happy pastime. No articulate or effective protest has a chance to make itself heard at any of the fortnightly luncheons of the Foreign Relations Group. Speeches from the floor must not last more than two minutes and are limited to questions. An effort to conduct a really non-partisan forum for the present system would be a dismal failure. Nobody would pay $5,000 to become a Founding Member of the Union for the Discovery of the Naked Truth. No Bishop, no ex-Cabinet Member, no College President worth his salt would make a public plea for impartial and disinterested inquiries into the actual character of American foreign policy. No good speakers could be persuaded to appear in the cause of a scientific investigation of public affairs. No newspaper would report it.

A LITTLE more hope for a responsible attitude resides in the newspapers. One of the mysteries of modern journalism is that it is "news" for a man to be paid to get up and speak at a public dinner and not "news" for the same man to say the same things in private to a reporter. Possibly this is because the papers have a chance to print the names of those present at the public dinner, and names, as every editor knows, are the basis of circulation. Yet there may come a time when the same speakers repeat themselves too often, when the same names have been printed too many times, and when there will be a really good fire down by the railroad yards or a really good war over in Europe which may cut down the newspaper space which is now freely at the disposal of any organization which can hire a hall, fill it with plump rich women, and employ professional orators to traduce the good name, misrepresent the policies, and attack the interests of their own country in the name of moral ideals.

(*Please Turn to Page 1260*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Movies

On Trial

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

NOW IS the time for some crape-hangers we know to do a little word-swallowing. A new all-talking picture has appeared that silences the enemy guns in a single salvo—and does so without half using up its ammunition.

The name of this picture is "On Trial" and it is the best talking movie to date, because it not only talks—it moves. Who deserves the credit for it we don't know; but we're willing to give it to Archie Mayo, the director, and throw in the opinion that if he isn't the man of the hour around Hollywood, he ought to be. Laurel wreaths should also be made up in the head sizes of Robert Lord, who did the adaptation; of the Vitaphone engineers, who recorded the dialogue; of Byron Haskins, the camera-man—and of every member of the cast.

"On Trial" is a court-room play whose stage parent was written some years ago by Elmer Rice. The murder with which it deals is described by various witnesses and, as each bit of testimony is concluded, the scene is changed to show what actually happened. This was done on the stage, obviously, by the shifting of sets; you can imagine how much more effective it is on the screen, where all they have to do is reel it off just as they have always done. What you can't imagine, perhaps, is this process being pulled off to the accompaniment of clear, swift-moving, intelligent dialogue. Every cue is instantly taken up, every bit of business is played with an ease and alertness hitherto unknown to the talkies. We can recall only one sequence which wasn't technically flawless, and that one featured Pauline Frederick, who will be remembered as having one of the best vocal deliveries on the American stage.

Miss Frederick, grand actress that she is, mastered the Vitaphone technique well enough, however, to put across a splendid performance. Of the others in an excellent cast, we thought Richard Tucker registered best as to voice, but they all did well, including Lois Wilson and Bert Lytell, whose training has been pure Hollywood for some time back.

"On Trial" is a play which depends just about as much on its dialogue as "The Home Towners" did. The reasons for the marked superiority of the newer picture lie very largely in the faster pace at which it is played and the vastly better handling of the camera in close-ups and cut-backs. "The Home Towners" dragged, as all previous talkies had dragged; "On Trial" goes like a whippet race.

We earnestly and heartily recommend this youngest and lustiest fruit of the now respectable union between stage and screen. It's a technical marvel, it's a triumph of good acting and direction and it's something more than either of these—it's a darned good show.

PAULINE FREDERICK

Now thrilling numerous audiences in the talkie triumph, "On Trial"

"Show People"

FROM Georgia to Hollywood comes Colonel Marmaduke Pepper in a rusty flivver, and with him comes his daughter Peggy, a girl with ringlets and a record for parlor entertaining.

Peggy tries without success to crash the big studios. Just before bankruptcy sets in, she meets Billy Boone, who works in custard comedies, and he lands her a job with his unit. She is an instantaneous hit and, following the preview of her first picture, she is hired by High Arts Productions and launched, forthwith, as a Big Shot.

She changes her name (to Patricia Pepoire) and with it her circle of friends. Leaving Billy Boone flat, she foregathers exclusively with other Big Shots, until Billy finally decides to bring her to her senses. This he does by low comedy methods—but effectively. The young lady doffs the tall millinery, gets next to herself and all's well.

This is the bare outline of "Show People," a picture crammed with laughs and shrewd pokes at the film business. It features Marion Davies and William Haines and both of them will have to work hard in the future to live up to the impressive work they do in it. King Vidor, the director, uses Miss Davies's talent for mimicry to get across cracks at Hollywood that must have been formulating in his brain for years.

The appearance of Douglas Fairbanks, John Gilbert and other celebrities adds to "Show People" the final touch necessary to make it what it is—the best take-off on Hollywood we are likely to see for a long, long time.

"Alias Jimmy Valentine"

THE old Paul Armstrong play of this name was good enough to run for something like twelve years, but it wasn't good enough for the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer scenario department.

They wouldn't even let the dialogue alone. The talking sequences, in which Mr. William Haines comes off fairly well and Mr. Lionel Barrymore about equally so, are not actually bad, but they miss entirely the breathless quality that marked the same scenes in the play, for reasons of which inexperience is apparently the leading one.

Most of "Alias Jimmy Valentine" is silent, and most of it is entertaining. Mr. Haines, Mr. Barrymore, Tully Marshall and Karl Dane are consistently good and many of the titles and situations are amusing in themselves. Our kick against the picture is that we went to it to see two of the best actors on the screen play "Alias Jimmy Valentine" and what we saw and heard was a sort of hodge-podge of comedy, sentiment and odd noises—and a Theme Song.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

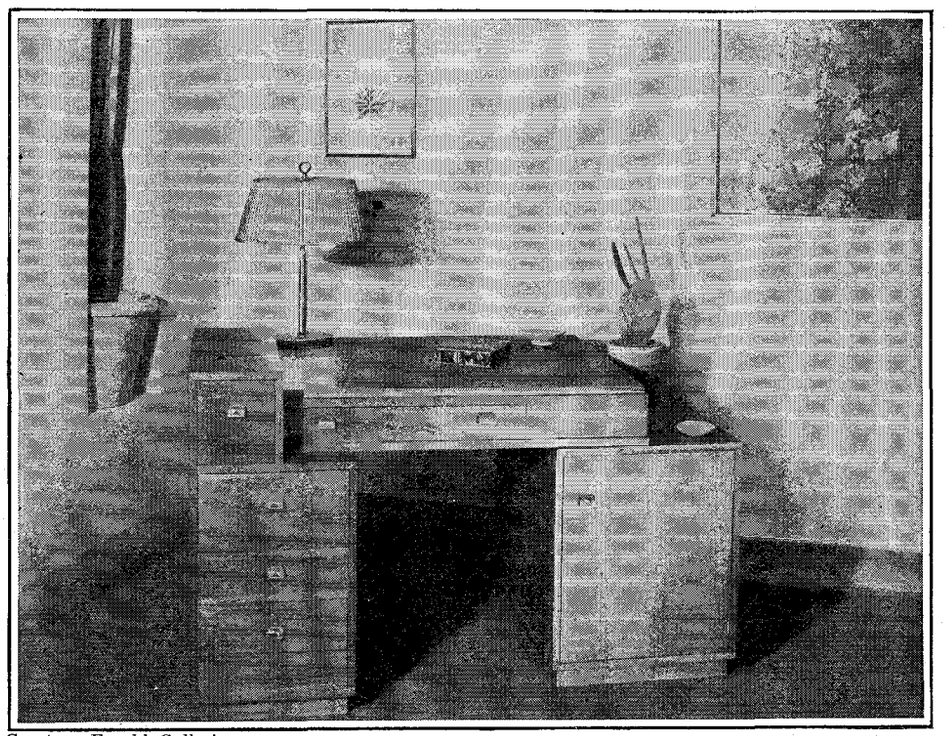
By W. R. BROOKS

KNOPF has just published a book for children on "Secret Messages: How to Read and Write Them." We think almost any child from, say, ten up would like to have it, since we remember that quite a lot of our own childhood and that of our friends was spent in making up ciphers in which we communicated with each other. Ours were usually what we find in this book are known as substitution ciphers. There are also transposition ciphers, and then there are complete instructions for solving simple ciphers of these two kinds.

If you are of those who insist that their children's amusement must have some practical value, this will seem like a waste of time to you. Certainly no child will get anything from it that will assist him in his career. But he will have a lot of fun sending and receiving messages. We had quite a lot, putting into cipher this message to the Editor: Mossp rkema bsroy rdvro oeeek. He doesn't pay much attention to our ordinary communications. It is our hope that he may be intrigued by this to the point of deciphering it, and then so pleased with his ability that he will sign it and send it back to us. It only requires his signature to be very useful to us.

WELTE-MIGNON has brought out a new accessory to its reproducing piano called the Musicalle. This is a cabinet in which you place any eight music rolls you want to play. It is connected to the piano by a small cable, and from it runs a silk covered wire which connects with a control tablet. This latter has eight ivory buttons which govern the playing and re-rolling of the records, and may be placed on a table or the arm of a chair in another room or at any distance from either piano or Musicalle. Also, you can play the rolls in any order you desire, by pressing the corresponding buttons.

THERE is a vanity or make-up box which has an apron attached to the front edge so that it can be fastened around the neck of the person to be beautified, thus permitting her to make herself presentable without ruining her gown. The box itself is of generous size and the outside is double lacquered so that it may be wiped off with a damp cloth.



Courtesy Frankl Galleries

MODERN DESK BY FRANKL
In Natural Cherry

THERE is a nickel-plated pipe cleaner which looks like a fountain pen and can be carried in the pocket. A button pushes out a spiral wire that cleans the stem, and there is also a heavier rod for cleaning the bowl.

A USEFUL thing in houses where there are young children or inquisitive cats is a lock for a gas range—a metal housing which encloses the gas cocks so they can't be accidentally turned on. It works simply and easily.

IF YOU are learning bridge, or if you occasionally entertain people who can't remember whether a bid of three hearts counts more than one of three diamonds, or how much four honors in one hand in spades is, there is a card table cover that should prove a time saver. It is of cloth, in several different effects, and in the center is a printed gold disc on which a tabloid set of the new bridge rules is shown so that it is visible to all four players. This design is so applied that it can't be washed or even scraped off, and the cover permits the serving of refreshments without an additional cover being used. We believe it would be very handy in playing with the sort of people who make their own rules as they go along.

The whole matter of bridge rules and conventions of course has become so complex that no table cover could possibly contain them all, even if all authorities agreed, which they don't. The only safe way to avoid controversy is either to arrange to have your partner do all the bidding, or else to announce boldly that you have been Whitehead's pupil for ten years, and then go ahead and do whatever you want to, since nobody will dare question you. Because any player of any experience knows that there is scarcely a misplay that isn't sometimes and under certain exceptional circumstances advantageous. You have perhaps heard of the case where a player, reneged in order to win game.

However there is no reason why we should deliver a lecture on bridge.

HAVE WE ever spoken of the electric corn popper? It plugs into any socket, and in the perforated lid is a handle which you turn to keep the corn from scorching.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Taps for the Watch on the Rhine

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

S. PARKER GILBERT, JR., Agent-General for Reparations, probably will be out of a job before long, thanks very largely to his own efforts. It looks now as if the Dawes Plan, which was only a first-rate makeshift, will be superseded by a permanent arrangement under which the scale of payments is so exactly and unconditionally laid out that an Agent-General, with his great discretionary powers, would have nothing to do.

Disagreements over the terms of the new plan are inevitable but both Germany and the Allies agree that a final settlement is advisable. They have, in fact, been negotiating almost continuously for the last three years to find a basis for such a settlement. The series of interviews between the great financial authorities of Europe during the last month or two were only the last stages of the search.

While it is too early to say definitely that the Dawes Plan will be replaced, it is certain that the basis for a new settlement has been found. The powers have ended so many reparations disputes among themselves already that the field for controversy will be limited considerably when the financial experts from many countries meet again around a table as they did in 1923.

The conference of experts may be called before this appears in print. Its members have nearly all been chosen. If everything runs on schedule, they will draw up an inflexible schedule of payments and a plan for removing all Allied control on Germany. If these proposals are accepted by the various Parliaments, the reparations problem will, it is hoped, have vanished from the world of finance. Its political aspects are another matter.

If the future looks comparatively simple, or at least very hopeful, it is because several controversies that might have postponed indefinitely the drawing of a new plan have been settled within the last few months by Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Churchill, Mr. Poincaré and the German Ministers.

One of the first facts that these officials had to face was that the United States would neither take any official part in the new conference nor accept any reduction in the schedule for war debt payments from the Allies. President Coolidge stated this emphatically.

This was a severe disappointment because Europe certainly and Mr. Gilbert presumably had hoped that this country would, by relaxing its demands on the Allies, make it easier for them to be more lenient with Germany. Germany's disappointment was probably greater than that of her late enemies because she knew that the Allies would insist on payments that were at least large enough to cover their remittances to the United States.

The disappointment cooled Germany's enthusiasm for a new conference. With the total of Allied debts as the minimum reparations figure she could hope for, no very great reduction from the Dawes Plan schedule of payments could be hoped for. Berlin statesmen were inclined to believe that it would be better to postpone a conference indefinitely on the chance that either the United States or the Allies might grow more lenient.

Germany's reluctance grew even stronger when it became apparent that France wanted the new conference to be controlled, not by experts who were responsible to no Government, but by official representatives of the Powers. Berlin reasoned, not entirely without justification, that official representatives could not study the problem with the impartiality of experts who did not have to take orders from their home Governments. German leaders believed, moreover, that the United States could be represented unofficially only on an unofficial body.

JUST WHO persuaded France to abandon her insistence on an official committee and Germany to overcome her reluctance no one knows. Quite probably it was Mr. Gilbert. At any rate, the stage is now almost completely set for the conference, whose results may well be more important than those of the Dawes Committee five years ago.

Optimism, however, should not be unlimited for the simple reason that it is hard to see how, with the requirements of the Allies what they are, there can be much of a reduction in the payment fixed by the Dawes Plan, about $600,000,000.

England must pay the United States $180,000,000 annually and she insists on getting that much from the Continent. Italy pays England $22,000,000 annually and the United States $26,000,000—a toal of $48,000,000. France's annual debt payments are $187,000,000, $62,000,000 to Great Britain and $125,000,000 to the United States—a total of $187,000,000. Besides these sums, France and Belgium demand $125,000,000 annually as payment for war damages, making the total exactly $600,000,000.

IF THERE IS any reduction in these demands it presumably must come in the French and Belgian bills for war damages. The most optimistic students of the situation, however, see little hope of lopping off more than $50,000,000 there. As things stand now, then, Germany can hope for only about a ten per cent reduction in reparations charges, hardly an optimistic resolution of the hopes with which Dr. Stresemann went to Paris in August.

It is taken for granted, though, that one of the results of the conference will be the ultimate removal of all French troops from the Rhine, a gain to Germany that cannot be measured in dollars. In return for this Germany will lose the privilege granted to her by the Dawes Committee of suspending payments when they threaten the depreciation of the mark.

One question that promised to be of very great importance in any new discussion of reparations has been pushed into the background for the time being. This is the proposal of selling on the open market the German railroad and industrial bonds created by the Dawes Plan. By offering the large capital sum that might be obtained from this sale, Germany might hope for a fat reduction in her total indebtedness.

This plan may be reviewed later but bankers of the different interested countries have advised that it will be more feasible to sell these bonds later, when the German payments have been outlined and a few of the installments promptly met.

Whatever the results of the conference, it certainly will begin with more mutual trust and a greater common understanding of the problem than any major meeting between Allied and German representatives since the war.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

The Enterprising Burglar and Others

Life and Death in Sing Sing, by Lewis E. Lawes: Doubleday, Doran.
Passion, Murder and Mystery, by Bruce Graeme: Doubleday, Doran.
Crime on the Continent, by Horace Wyndham: Little, Brown.
Chicago May, by May Churchill Sharpe: The Macaulay Co.
Murder Will Out, by George E. Minot: Marshall Jones.
Spies, by Joseph Gollomb: Macmillan.

LEWIS E. LAWES, warden of Sing Sing, has written an interesting and an important book. Ex-president of the National Wardens' Association and of the American Prison Association, the American delegate to the International Prison Congress, and continuously at the head of Sing Sing for the past eight years, Mr. Lawes speaks with authority. In the present book, he discusses crime in its legal and philosophic aspects, the criminal as he is known to the expert and the tyro, the courts, prisons and the death penalty. Mr. Lawes went to Sing Sing in favor of capital punishment: he is now one of its strongest and sanest opponents. Space is lacking here to review this book as it should be reviewed. Enough to say that it is fascinatingly interesting and of the very first importance.

"Passion, Murder and Mystery" presents the stories of fourteen crimes, all of them French, all of them interesting and most of them stodgily written. To the lover of mysteries and the amateur criminologist the book will be welcome. Most of the crimes are not well known in this country, so that the volume avoids the duplication that often mars books of this type and makes many of them a mere re-serving of old stuff in a different guise.

Horace Wyndham, with his "Crime on the Continent" offers better fare. Mr. Wyndham is an old and reliable hand at this game. He knows crime, enjoys it and has an intelligent point of view on it. The ten crimes he tells of here are distributed through seven countries, and while geographical diversion has little to do with criminological traits we nevertheless get a varied menu. This is a well written and an entertaining book. The story of the strange series of murders committed by Franz Riembauer in the Germany of 1807 is alone worth the price of admission.

Chicago May, once known as the Queen of Crooks, has written the story of her life, and a drab enough story it is. The truth is that May was never a great crook. She was a hanger-on, a panel-worker, worker of the badger racket and a general bad egg. She was never in the class of Madame Humbert and Belle Guinness. The uninitiated will find a deal of information in her book all bearing on the underworld, and even those who are tainted with sin will not be left entirely unsatisfied. May is frank, one can say that for her. But the book needs compression. Instructive, but unedifying. As the first step in honesty one can wish the venture only success.

Mr. Minot of the "Boston Herald" has given us twenty-nine murders, all of them American and most of them New England. In digging into the old records and unearthing interesting material the author has done yeoman service. He is not always accurate, however, and he writes rather badly. Here is a lesser Pearson. Nonetheless, no one who is interested in murder, mystery or in crime in general should miss this book.

Joseph Gollomb can always be trusted to tell a good story, and to tell it well. "Spies" is excellent reading. Beginning with the ancient history of the spy, Mr. Gollomb works his way up through the colonial days of America to the World War. It is really an education in national characteristics, the vivacity of the French, the mechanistic superiority of the Germans, and the dogged sanity of the Anglo-Saxon. They are all here, and they are here in dramatic form. Good stories, well told, nearly four hundred pages of them. The spy is to be congratulated.

EDWARD HALE BIERSTADT.

The Most Discussed Books

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.;
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd;
Portland, Oregon—J. K. Gill Company;

Fiction

Harness, by A. Hamilton Gibbs: Little, Brown & Co. The "old things" still carry on in this story of a post-war couple and the difficulty of mixing careers and matrimony. Reviewed October 31.

The Hounds of God, by Rafael Sabatini: Houghton, Mifflin and Co. This story of the Armada and the Inquisition, a kidnapped girl and a brave hero, is not one of Sabatini's best, but, as usual, the historical background is good. Reviewed November 21.

The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg, by Louis Bromfield: Stokes. The stories, some curious and some sad, but all interesting, of an odd assortment of people. Reviewed Oct. 10.

Old Pybus, by Warwick Deeping: Alfred A. Knopf. This amiable if mechanical story of an old man, his sons and his grandson, will please admirers of Deeping's novels. Reviewed Oct. 10.

The Jealous Gods, by Gertrude Atherton: Horace Liveright. Reviewed in this issue.

Non-Fiction

Goethe, by Emil Ludwig: Putnam. This fine biography adds greatly to the validity of the Ludwig vogue. Reviewed October 3.

The Buck in the Snow, by Edna St. Vincent Millay: Harper's. The latest work of our most popular poetess will delight most readers although it may disappoint the more critical among Miss Millay's admirers. Reviewed Oct. 31.

John Brown's Body, by Stephen Vincent Benet: Doubleday, Doran. This noble attempt at an American epic deserves wide reading. It contains some of the finest of contemporary verse. Reviewed Sept. 5.

The World on One Leg, by Ellery Walter Putnam. This story of a boy who worked and bummed his way around the world in spite of a physical handicap is a combination travel book and success story. Reviewed November 14.

Abraham Lincoln 1809-1858, by Albert J. Beveridge: Houghton, Mifflin, 2 vols. Although by no means as fine as Beveridge's "Marshall," this is an important book. Reviewed October 3.

Spy and Counterspy

Spy and Counterspy, by Richard W. Rowan: Viking Press.

THE SEAMIER SIDE of the spy question is exposed in Mr. Rowan's book and historians will have to revise their histories in the light of this acute study of a neglected phase of war. Historians are not to be blamed for this neglect since spies love to work in the dark, but the author is certainly to be congratulated for illuminating their devious ways. He displays with cold logic and great industry the evil necessity for spies; how every European power had its school in which spies were rigorously trained, and how their intrigues, information and misinformation hastened the Great War. The countless heroisms, the sordid bribes,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the incredible devices of the spy for communication, detection and circumvention are patiently sketched. But the idealistic pretensions of even the most innocence-protesting belligerents peel off. Even disarmament breeds spies; the nations must keep watch on each other. We can visualize the spies, while most of us are piously hoping for peace, peering through key-holes, making sketches, stealing plans and calculating the stresses of bridges for the future conveyance of artillery. They ignore the rhetoric; they are too busy preparing the ground for war.

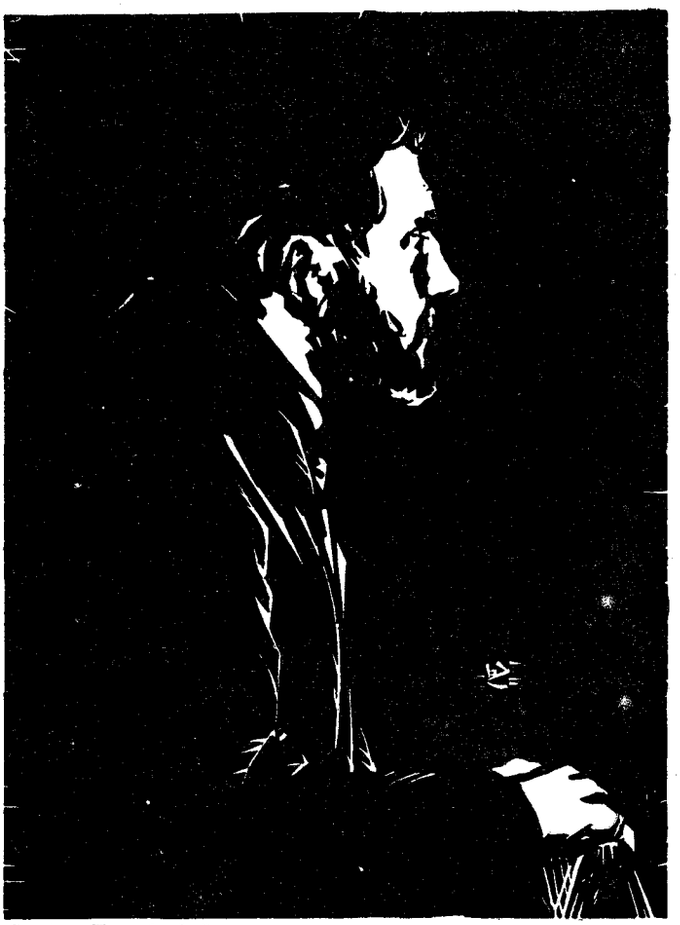
WILLIAM FRAUENGLASS.

Contemporary German Novels

Defeat, by Ricarda Huch: Alfred A. Knopf.
Trenck, by Bruno Frank: Alfred A Knopf.
The Devil, by Alfred Neumann: Alfred A. Knopf.
Caspar Hauser, by Jacob Wassermann: Horace Liveright.
Prisoners All, by Oskar Maria Graf: Alfred A. Knopf.

THERE can be no doubt that contemporary literature, in spite of a few wild flourishes still remaining, is in a period of reaction into classicism. In French and English, even in American contemporary writing, this time spirit is being manifested in smallness of design, a rigid and frequently overselectiveness and an emphasis upon form. German literature feels the reaction, too, but the expansive nature of German fiction, with its love of detail, does not easily crowd itself into a form small enough to be engraved upon a dime. Selectiveness is not its genius. It must look for other means of revealing what should be called, perhaps, the present, rather than the new, spirit of the literary art; and it has found it in subject matter rather than in design, in a return to the past for its material. Nor is this past in many instances its own—which is a sign of vigor instead of weariness, as the old period of German romanticism shows, and as the animated researches of our own contemporary biographers and historians display. In fact, Italy may almost be said to be the dominating interest of artistic Germany at the present moment, with all that implies of a return to classicist ideals.

Of the group of German novels under consideration, Ricarda Huch's "Defeat" and Bruno Frank's "Trenck" reveal the classic spirit most significantly. "Defeat" might well be chosen as the most thoroughly representative novel of the classicist ideal in German fiction today. The German method of large design and exhaustive treatment, revealed and explained most beautifully by Thomas Mann, is clearly apparent, for Ricarda Huch has taken as her subject the struggle for Italian liberty, and "Defeat," dealing with the leadership and flight of Garibaldi, is followed by "Victory," a story of Solferino. But the character of the design is plainly that of the thoroughgoing classicist. In fact, this novel, with its largeness of outline and multitude of characters, is much like one of those great battle pieces of painting—grouped men, dying heroes, noble leader and flag over all. Dignity it certainly possesses, dignity of intention and of manner in a certain stern purity of language and what Ludwig Lewisohn has described as an "atmosphere of frugal beauty;" and the simplicity of its ending leaves an effect of nobility. But compared to the historical method of the Norwegian Sigrid Undset, with whom inevitably the German writer *has* been compared, to those novels hot with the immediacy and intensity of intimate human passions to which so-called historical events are only a background, the effect of "Defeat" is cold, external and aloof. The noble speeches of the leaders, the deaths of the soldiers, striking a note of exaltation at their best, too frequently have the ring of the patriotic history text for school children. Ricarda Huch executes her epic design with both power and precision; but "Defeat" is a novel which commands respect rather than the immediacy of delight.



Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

EZRA POUND
Woodcut by Zadig

To my mind, Bruno Frank's "Trenck," slight as it is in a way, and lacking the sheer exquisiteness of his earlier "The Days of the King," is a far more moving piece of work. Bruno Frank carries out the classicist ideal in the manner of the miniature rather than the battle piece painter. His art is concentrated upon the character and times of Frederick the Great, but he works his material into brief and highly finished episodes that have a true Eighteenth Century clarity and a lyrical completeness. I find in his little masterpieces an æsthetic pleasure and a poignant revelation of the character of his hero beside which the big Garibaldi novel leaves me cold.

Alfred Neumann's "The Devil" is simply and solely an historical romance, and after no new pattern, recalling, in fact, some of the romances of Dumas and his followers—fantastic in nature, swiftly readable, thoroughly successful of its kind. Intrigue, medieval color, a character as *deus ex machina*—it employs them all; convincing for the time of reading by reason of the ardor and vigor of its fancy; but quite without the underlying conviction that gives weight and genuine passion to the other novels dis-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cussed. Louis XI of France and his chamberlain, the barber of Ghent, are the heroes, almost the hero (for their souls are one) of Neumann's romance; but neither hero nor theme holds the deep place in his interest that Frederick holds in Bruno Frank's and Garibaldi in Ricarda Huch's. "The Devil" belongs in a different category.

Even Jacob Wassermann, that philosophical brooder upon the nature and destiny of Europe, has in this instance chosen an historical character for his protagonist. But it is no such obvious hero as the kings and generals. It is one of the most mysterious figures of Nineteenth Century Europe; and Wassermann, passionately interested in this almost inexplicable mortal as symbol more than as self—in Wassermann's way—has achieved, almost as a by-product of his novel, the air of fantastic strangeness which Neumann carefully cultivates in "The Devil." Caspar Hauser was an authentic person, although his origin has been as much in dispute as the death of the French dauphin, and has given rise to almost as much speculation; but in Wassermann's book he is part demigod and part child of nature, and in his final interpretation a symbol of the fate of the natural man in the society of Nineteenth Century Europe. It is impossible—and perhaps irrevelant—to discuss the historical accuracy of Wassermann's tale here. As always, his undertaking in this novel has greatness, while his æsthetic success is more dubious. The author's interest in his tragic hero, however, is more purely human than in most of his tales, and it transmutes the philosophical element into an other-world atmosphere that has its beauty. I found the novel unsatisfying, yet fascinating. A marvelous plot is ready to hand in the character and destiny of Caspar Hauser. It is not essentially an historical novel. It is Wassermann's most passionate, and probably most successful attempt to interpret the sickness in the soul of Europe.

"Prisoners All," by Oskar Maria Graf, is not historical fiction but an intensely contemporary document. It is a revelation of a totally different element in the national life of Germany. Yet it is historical in its significance. Not a one of the ostensibly historical tales begins to contain as much of the actual matter of history as this personal account of the years from 1905 to 1919. It is the very antithesis of the spirit of classicism—the autobiography of a revolutionary and social antinomian, unpruned and unextenuated, and shameless one might say except for the undeniable appeal of the Epilogue. Graf is a kind of Villon, a German Harry Kemp, and his book a picaresque narrative were it not for that Epilogue, which, interpretative without the self-pity that would have lessened the effect of the whole book, contains, in the simple brutality of the conditions which it details, an infinitely more damning exposition of the pre-war society of Europe than Wassermann with all his philosophy was able to achieve. You may not like Oskar Maria Graf—but here he is, and here is what made him; and in the face of what he tells us, no turning him off as radical, Bohemian, and crazy faddist will do. Read as a postscript to the other novels, with their serene atmosphere of past events, it is both hot and ominous, like the breath of a coming storm at the end of a day.

RUTH SUCKOW.

Nearer Boeotia than Athens

The Jealous Gods, by Gertrude Atherton: Horace Liveright.

GERTRUDE ATHERTON'S careful studies in the golden age of Greece have already resulted in one novel, "The Immortal Marriage," which told the story of Pericles and Aspasia. In "The Jealous Gods," Alcibiades, successor to Pericles, appears as protagonist. It may be that the Fifth Century B.C. is too far away in time to serve successfully as the background for a historical novel. Older periods have done, recently the days of Moses and Akhnaton, but the books to which they furnish the background are scarcely novels in the sense that "The Jealous Gods" is. About "The Jealous Gods" there is a mist of unreality which neither excellent writing nor thorough knowledge can dissipate. It is impossible to feel any sympathy or any particular interest for Alcibiades, although his character in which recklessness, arrogance, ambition and sensuality were at war with intellect and a great gift for leadership is well presented. The story of "The Jealous Gods" is based on the known facts of Alcibiades's career which was one of violent action and great variety and which makes interesting historical reading. But the book is not fictionalized history since it depends for its suspense and drama upon the story of Alcibiades's private life, which is pure fiction. Alcibiades, the epitome of the masculine Greek state, is shown in the conflicts of a passionate friendship with Tiy, the Egyptian princess who is a power in her own country, at that time a Persian satrapy, and dominated by women. Tiy is a typical product of a decadent and gynecratic civilization and the contrast of her attitude toward life with that of the Greeks is extremely interesting. In fact, if the ironic possibilities of that contrast had been fully developed the book would be more entertaining. But Mrs. Atherton studiously eschews irony.

One is impressed by Gertrude Atherton's familiarity with the sources of her work, but the wealth of detail which she gives about the daily life of Athens burdens her story instead of enriching it, and the names of Socrates, Aristophanes and other immortals when they appear in the text have the lonely quality of foreign words unnecessarily used. The virtues of "The Jealous Gods" are personal virtues of Mrs. Atherton's. She has intelligence and she has acquired much information. One has deep sympathy for her love of classic Greece. But she lacks—and here is the defect of the book—the ability to transmit her enthusiasm to her readers. Many people found "The Immortal Marriage" vital, impressive and readable, and many will probably feel the same way about "The Jealous Gods." But to us, while they may easily be read for information, pleasantly given, they can hardly be read for delight; and delight is what we want from a novel. The writing of "The Jealous Gods" is nearer to the proverbial dullness of Bœotia than to the chaste, vigorous brilliance of Athens.

Halls of Learning

Classic Shades, by M. A. DeWolfe Howe: Little, Brown.
Individuality and Education, by Joseph A. Leighton: Appleton.

IN "Classic Shades" Mr. Howe has painted the portraits of five great college presidents. Timothy Dwight, the Elder, of Yale, Mary Lyon of Mount Holyoke, Mark Hopkins of Williams, James McCash of Princeton and Charles William Eliot of Harvard are his subjects. Sketched in behind them as background are many interesting anecdotes of early days in some of our most famous institutions of learning.

(*Please Turn to Page 1258*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Readers and Writers

By ERNEST BOYD

THOSE who remember the superb chapter on Dr. Arnold of Rugby in Lytton Strachey's "Eminent Victorians," will turn with a certain amount of curiosity to Hugh Kingsmill's life of that other eminent Victorian, his son, Matthew Arnold, which has just been published by the Dial Press. Mr. Kingsmill admits that he has read, but not until afterwards reread, that chapter in "Eminent Victorians;" he has, however, read him with profit. Not that his book is in any sense a feeble imitation of that illustrious model for all "debunking" biographers. It is a work showing considerable study and research.

However much we may try to be fashionable and dote over antimacassars and other relics of that grand and glorious period, few rational people will deny that the spirit, the preoccupations, the attitude of that period conveniently described as Victorian are more remote and antipathetic to us today than anything since the Middle Ages. Consequently, I can sympathize with Mr. Kingsmill's ceaseless delight in the grotesqueries of his solemn puppets. In an intelligent and amusing chapter, half way through the volume, he pauses to consider the objections which will be raised against his treatment of Matthew Arnold.

Here he flatly declares that "the Victorian writers can be properly appreciated only if they are regarded as grotesques of genius . . . . I had to deal with their grotesqueness apart from their genius. Had it been relevant, I would with equal pleasure have illustrated the genius without the grotesqueness, as in the best of Thackeray and Tennyson, or the genius in grotesqueness, as in Browning and Dickens." Mr. Kingsmill is well aware of the peculiar circumstances in the Victorian age. "I have tried to show how abnormal it was; no more abnormal age in history, indeed, for no other age has had to cope with so rapid and extraordinary an increase in wealth and population as was inflicted on the Victorians by the sudden wholesale introduction of machinery."

Briefly, Mr. Kingsmill's thesis is that Matthew Arnold was potentially a considerable poet, who declined to the level of a typical Victorian prophet. The chief causes of this were the influences of his father, Dr. Arnold, and the son's consequent failure to experience to the full the life that opened up before him during the period from 1846 to 1851, that is, between the date of his election as a Fellow of Oriel College and his marriage—the "unknown years," as Mr. Kingsmill calls them. This was the brief flowering period of his poetry. "Except between Rugby and his marriage, Matt never absorbed life with any freedom. What is of value in his poetry is derived almost exclusively from his contact with life during this period; and even so this contact was regrettably restricted by the dead hand of his father, to whose maiming effect on himself and on so many others he never ceased to pay grateful tribute."

MR. KINGSMILL endeavors to reconstruct from the poems of that period the life of Matthew Arnold in London and abroad, his main contention being that the lady named Marguerite might have made a different man out of Arnold, if he had not been too full of the characteristic prepossessions of his epoch to give her his love. While that may be true, the author is on safer ground, I think, when he dwells, not so much upon the possibilities of a youthful love affair, as upon Arnold's general ignorance of the realities of life. Even his own friends felt this, as witness Froude, who had not been one of Dr. Arnold's Rugby "sheep:" "I admire Matt to a very great extent, only I don't see what business he has to parade his calmness, and lecture us on resignation, when he has never known what a storm is, and doesn't know what to resign himself to. I think he only knows the shady side of nature out of books."

That passage from a letter of Froude's to Arnold's friend, Arthur Clough, himself one of Dr. Arnold's "sheep," succinctly sums up Mr. Kingsmill's life of Matthew Arnold.

Probably there will be many who doubt whether Mr. Kingsmill's contention is true, that Matthew Arnold, under happier conditions, might have been a fine poet. They will naturally wonder what he has to say of Matthew Arnold, the critic. Most of us at least remember certain of his phrases: sweetness and light, high seriousness, sweet reasonableness, the object in itself as it really is, Philistines, and so forth. If one read him at a tender enough age, he actually seemed to have certain glimmerings of civilized ideas. Alas, for childhood's illusions, Mr. Kingsmill makes short shrift of them. Arnold the critic does not cut a very imposing figure.

He shows how Arnold made a complete change of front in his conception of the creative power and its workings, because his own inspiration had failed him. "It is the business of the critical power to make an intellectual situation of which the creative power can profitably avail itself." This meant more work for Matthew, but as Mr. Kingsmill maliciously points out: "the barren age from which Arnold purposed to deliver English literature, included, taking the fifty years preceding the appearance of 'Essays in Criticism,' the best work of Keats, Shelley, Dickens, Carlyle, Thackeray, Tennyson, Meredith, Swinburne and Browning. The fifty years of creative activity inaugurated by Arnold in these essays are represented by Thomas Hardy, the novels of Meredith, the æsthetic movement of Oscar Wilde, the sociological movement of Shaw, Wells and Galsworthy, and imperialism articulate in Kipling."

REFERRING to the discovery a few years ago of Wordsworth's paternity, Mr. Kingsmill says: "the critics wrote as if Wordsworth had magnanimously suspended his celibacy as part of a general programme for the renovation of humanity; or had at worst committed a slight error of judgment in his anxiety to get into line with the finer spirits of the French Revolution." If he had, in his turn, unearthed some such fact about Arnold's relations with the alleged governess, Marguerite, Mr. Kingsmill would undoubtedly have rejoiced. His theories on the subject of this young female are very nebulous, if quite ingenious. They have, however, set him on the track of an interesting study of Matthew Arnold, written with much humor, and enlivened by digressions and reflections which cannot fail to entertain those who do not mistake their liking for Victorian antiques for a proof that an eminent Victorian is the noblest work of God.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Play
in the SUNSHINE
of West Palm Beach
COME this winter and bask in the delightful, health-giving sunshine of West Palm Beach . . sunshine which Dr. John Harvey Kellogg calls "Florida's greatest asset" . . . sunshine fairly bristling with invigorating ultra-violet rays . . . sunshine that gives a new zest to life.
At West Palm Beach you will find ample accommodations, expanded recreational facilities, new entertainment features and all the old pleasures, too. A rebuilt and beautiful city, in the springtime of a new era, invites you. For booklet address: G. F. Swinehart, Drawer B-58
CITY OF
WEST PALM BEACH
• FLORIDA •

"I stretched out *in a deck chair*"

AFTER dinner (and man, what a dinner!) Janet wanted to go up to the Ocean Deck. So up we went—to see the sunset. Yes, I know—the sun sets in the *west*. But it throws some beautiful reflections on the ocean. The sand looks like gold, and the sky is as clear as crystal. It's a sight well worth seeing. There's a lull around that time—everything quiet, not many people walking, and the air just cool enough to be comfortable. We sat and watched, not talking much . . . . Going to read a bit tonight, then turn in. We've had a full day, what with a sail, a round of golf, and the Boardwalk . . . . But tired as we are, tomorrow can't come too soon for us!

o o o

Information concerning Chalfonte-Haddon Hall is interestingly presented in a booklet we have—which is yours for the asking.

CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL
ATLANTIC CITY
American Plan
LEEDS AND LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Guy de Pourtales' The Mad King Holt

No life of Ludwig II of Bavaria could be written which would leave Wagner out of account, but no life, we believe, gives a true portrait which takes Wagner so much into account as this one does. So much emphasis on the relation between the two men, important as it was, leaves much of interest concerning Ludwig untouched. And so sentimental a presentation left him, for us at least, unexplained. We have no clear picture of Ludwig after reading this book. He is still the picturesque and pathetic legend he was for us before we turned its pages. Perhaps it is impossible to present so contradictory a bundle of eccentricities in such a way as to convince the reader of its unity as a character. We merely know that this book hasn't done it for us.

Charles Barry's The Corpse on the Bridge Dutton

In which the finding of a corpse in monastic underwear on Waterloo Bridge is linked up with the mysterious disappearance of several lay brothers from a monastery, and the attempts of an international gang to steal the plans of a radio invention from a Swiss monk. Monks and detectives plot and counterplot for the production of a very satisfactory yarn. True, there's a girl in it, but she doesn't appear until page 110, and only at fifty-page intervals thereafter. It was comforting to us to have so much of the action take place in the monastery, where we knew she couldn't get in.

Margaret Irwin's Fire Down Below Harcourt Brace

Peregrine Sark's love of life and beauty, typified in the statue of Cybele which stood on his mantel and in getting which he had sacrificed a friend's life, led him to seduce the daughter of that friend, who was the governess of his children, and to antagonize all the village in his efforts to beautify the church. The growth of the legend which, from a genial squire, made Sark in the eyes of the villagers a sort of medieval magician, in league with the Powers of Darkness, is very well done. But his side at least of the affair with Bridget, the beautiful governess, is not so comprehensible. If the story had continued through another volume we feel that the ultimate tragedy might have been more convincing and less accidental.

Speaking of Books

(*Continued from Page 1256*)

Thus he not only says that Timothy Dwight was known as "His Loftiness," that he once remarked: "I have never read a comedy which a Christian could read without pain except one," but also that Yale was founded largely because certain worthy ministers of Connecticut thought that Harvard was not sufficiently orthodox.

In his portrait of Mary Lyon, who is reputed to have said "learn to sit with energy," and who appears to have founded Mount Holyoke by sheer force of will, Mr. Howe depicts another character of amazing vigor and the strictest religious orthodoxy. Mark Hopkins appears as a Puritan philosopher, as uncompromising as the mountains that surround Williams, yet intensely human, a great teacher who became a classic figure "simply through the direct personal instruction of his pupils." James McCash of Princeton is described as a dour but lovable Scotchman who cut loose from all old associations to accept the Presidency of Princeton and become one of the early champions of evolution in America.

The figure of Charles William Eliot is more familiar. The man who once lectured on "the manners of a gentleman who is also a democrat," who was president of Harvard for forty years, and whose name is inseparably connected with the "five foot shelf" is in no danger of being forgotten.

Dr. Joseph A. Leighton of Ohio State University is certainly not an extravert. In "Individuality and Education" he makes an eloquent plea for the education of the individual as opposed to education of the mass. "If it be true that, in our effort to educate everybody equally, we are not only not helping but are actually hindering the intelligent minority from developing their powers, we are headed for social disaster." This is strong medicine, but Dr. Leighton is anything but antisocial. On the contrary he is very much the humanist.

To further this ideal of democratic humanism the curriculum must be liberated. "The pedantic elaboration of rules, as instruments for insuring education, is on a par with the multiplication of laws as the means of securing order and justice." The teachers must be liberated also. He is an advocate of culture and culture—he quotes from Matthew Arnold—"consists in an inward condition of the mind and spirit, not in an outward set of circumstances." W. T. ADEE.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Fresh Air ... Everywhere"

No Ventilation

—means over heated offices, with dull, sluggish minds and unhealthy workers.

Over Ventilation

—means direct exposure, colds, draughts dirt and confusion.

V-W VENTILATORS

—insure a fresh, clean flow of air at all times, without draughts, dirt, rain and snow, due to patented R-shaped vertical louvers.

Write for "The Opening to Better Health"

The V-W Ventilator Co.

2887 A. I. U. Bldg. Columbus, Ohio

Eat and Be Well!

A condensed set of health rules—many of which may be easily followed right in your own home, or, while traveling. You will find in this little book a wealth of information about food elements and their relation to physical welfare.

CONTROL YOUR WEIGHT WITHOUT DRUGS OR TIRESOME EXERCISES

Effective weight control diets, acid and bland diets, laxative and blood-building diets, and diets used in the correction of various chronic maladies.

The book is for FREE circulation. Not a mail-order advertisement. Name and address on card will bring it without cost or obligation.

HEALTH EXTENSION BUREAU
294 Good Health Building, Battle Creek, Mich.

THE OUTLOOK RECOMMENDS

SCHOOL INFORMATION

FREE Catalogs of all Boarding Schools *and camps* in U. S. Rates. Advice from official inspections. 22d year. State Chartered Free Bureau. Apply
American Schools' Association
1212 Times Bldg., N. Y., or Stevens Bldg., Chicago

SCHOOLS

New York

SOUTHAMPTON HOSPITAL School of Nursing

Southampton, L. I. 8-hour day. 2½ year course—monthly allowance $15. Scholarship prizes. Ideal living conditions. Requirements 2 years High School. Write school principal for information.

Massachusetts

SHORT STORY WRITING

Particulars of Dr. Esenwein's famous forty-lesson course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of THE WRITER'S MONTHLY free. Write today.
THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
Dept. 58. Springfield. Mass.

EUROPEAN SCHOOLS

Italy

Florence, Mrs. Steven, nee Notarbartolo 52 via dei della Robbia keeps finishing school for girls. The house is very comfortable; is in a residential part of town with a lovely garden and two terraces and has all modern conveniences. Italian is the predominant language—The best teachers are provided. Prospectuses and addresses for reference are given on application.

Switzerland

BELMONT (GENEVA)
FIRST-CLASS FINISHING SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
Modern languages, music, eurythmics. Winter Sports. Summer holidays in the Alps. Best references in America. Apply to Outlook and Independent Travel Bureau or the Principal, Mademoiselle Aubert, 6 Clos Belmont.

Your Other Self

(Continued from Page 1229)

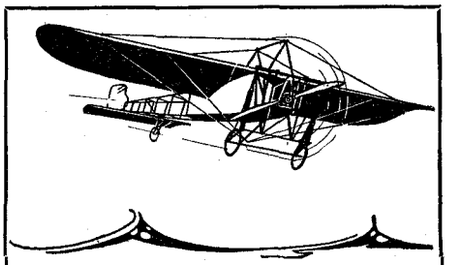
mation to be acquired. Within the past twenty years, whole libraries of books have been written on the subject, and new books are being issued at such a rate that even a diligent reader cannot keep up with them. Obviously, in so brief an article as this, one cannot hope to do more than put a sentence or two on the surface spots where the most important facts may be dug out.

One of these spots is the relation between the parent and the child. Take merely the trivial aspects of it. The most beautiful creature in the world, to any boy, is his loving mother. She is also the original stimulus to his instinct of affection. If she does not lose her place in his mind by cruelty or neglect, she will continue to be the face of beauty and the image of love to him for the rest of his life. So, in any nation, the norm of female beauty is the average young mother, and it is as difficult for the ordinary American to see beauty in a Japanese woman as it is for a Japanese to find an American woman beautiful.

In fact, the whole field of æsthetics lies around this hidden conception of beauty in the subconscious mind. The whole field of love—the problems of marriage and the happiness of all sex-relations—is similarly spread out around the subconscious image of the mother as the symbol of love. Neither in æsthetics nor in love has the conscious intellect any power except to invent logical and intelligent reasons for preferences and dislikes that originate below the levels of conscious control. From the same source arise the moods of happiness or misery in married life; and all intelligent discussions of whether marriage is or is not a failure are as absurd as rational disputes about questions of taste—unless, in both cases, the subconscious contents of the problem are included.

The mother is the symbol of love and beauty to the normal boy; the father is the symbol of heroism and authority to him. To the daughter, of course, a father has some of the subconscious aspects that a mother has for her son; but for both son and daughter, the father is likely to set the subconscious action-patterns that will govern them in their later contacts with all forms and persons of authority—whether in school, in church, in business or in government. This is so true that the commonest radical is the man who revolted against his father in childhood; the man or woman who has the most implicit trust in God is the one who, as a

(Please Turn to Page 1260)



FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

The Picture Book of Flying
By Frank Dobias

The exciting history of aviation told in striking color pictures. $2.00

Sokar and the Crocodile
By Alice W. Howard. Illustrated by Coleman Kubinyi.

An old Egyptian fairy tale with many pictures. $2.00

Abdallah and the Donkey
Pictures and story by "KOS" (Baroness Dombrowski)

The adventures of a stingy fruit merchant and his faithful donkey, Rumswiddle. $2.00

Little Tonino
Pictures and story by Helen Hill and Violet Maxwell.

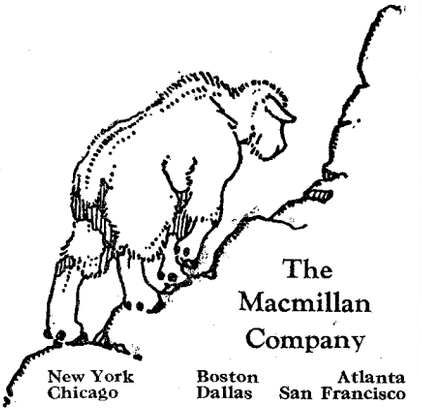
A story of Provence by the authors of the famous Charlie books. $1.75

Rocky Billy
Pictures and story by Holling C. Holling.

The bounding career of a Rocky Mountain goat. $2.00

City Stories
By Rebecca Coffin and Florence Mathews.

The children of Lindoln School write of their journeys in the city. $2.00



The Macmillan Company

New York Boston Atlanta
Chicago Dallas San Francisco

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Enjoy THE WINTER at St Petersburg FLORIDA

Healthful Sunshine 360 Days a Year

ESCAPE from cold weather. Come down into the warm, delightful sunshine—the healthful invigorating sunshine of St. Petersburg. Sunshine 360 days a year . . . the average for 18 years! No wonder we call it "The Sunshine City"!

Glorious outdoor days . . . and always something to do, something to see, somewhere to go. There's entertainment to suit every taste . . . And the list of outdoor sports include everything from aviation to shuffle-board, golf to fishing, horseshoe pitching to horseback riding. 100 hotels; some 300 apartment houses; many furnished homes. Low living costs. Genuine hospitality. Write for new booklet. Mail the coupon.

L. T. Conant,
Chamber of Commerce,
St. Petersburg, Florida.

Please send a copy of the St. Petersburg booklet.

Name .....

Address .....

NERVES?

Are You Always Excited? Fatigued? Worried? Gloomy? Pessimistic? Constipation, indigestion, cold sweats, dizzy spells and sex weakness are caused by NERVE EXHAUSTION. *Drugs, tonics and medicines cannot help weak, sick nerves!* Learn how to regain Vigor, Calmness and Self Confidence. Send 25c for this amazing book.
RICHARD BLACKSTONE, N-9011 FLATIRON BUILDING, NEW YORK

Your Other Self

(*Continued from Page 1259*)

boy or girl, had the most implicit trust in the father; the difficult employee is the one who had difficulties, as a child, with the parent.

Another spot in the field of the new psychology where the layman may profitably dig is the spot where the ego-instincts have been uncovered. Here the psychoanalysts have made some of their most illuminating discoveries. Every normal man or woman is subconsciously a colossal egotist. Our egotism is commonly the mainspring of our existence. It is somewhat checked and warred upon by our altruistic instincts—the instinct of affection, the sex instinct, the maternal instinct, the herd instinct and such—but the ego commonly enters into all these other instincts and takes possession of them, so that the instinct of affection merely serves to win protection for the ego, the sex instinct triumphs in an egotistic possession of its object, the maternal instinct becomes an extension of the ego in the control of a subservient child, and the herd instinct shields and exalts the ego by way of a patriotism that allows a man to boast of himself in the guise of lauding his country.

The most complete egotist often takes on a protective color of meekness. The braggart and the bully are frequently suffering with a subconscious feeling of inferiority which their boasts and their swagger fight against. Napoleon, the colossus of egotism, apparently had a subconscious inferiority due to his small size and his humble birth. The recently deposed Kaiser had a similar inferiority because of his withered arm. Theodore Roosevelt was a physically inferior child, suffering with asthma and threatened with tuberculosis, and the subconscious sense of inferiority that ensued in him was the origin of his doctrine of "the strenuous life," "the big stick," "the hat in the ring," and all the rest of it.

Undiscussable questions of national honor always involve the projected egotisms of a people. The conflicts of capital and labor have been largely conflicts of opposed egotisms. The wars of big business are almost invariably caused by the quarrels of unsocialized egotists.

Another rich discovery of the psychoanalysts has been the fact that conflicts between the flesh and the spirit in man, between the god and the devil in him, between his heart and his head, between his higher and his lower natures, between his civilized ideals and his animal instincts—and so on—are largely conflicts in the subconscious mind. The ideals are there as well as the instincts, the god as well as the devil, the flesh and the spirit, the higher nature no less than the lower. The religious that have ostracized man's instincts are themselves the product of his instinctive impulses. His morality has originated in the same region that has been so long tabooed as the source of all his immoralities. The good in him has the same inspiration as the evil. And it is this discovery of "the new psychology" that has authorized "the new morality" and threatened to turn the whole world of ethics and religion upside down.

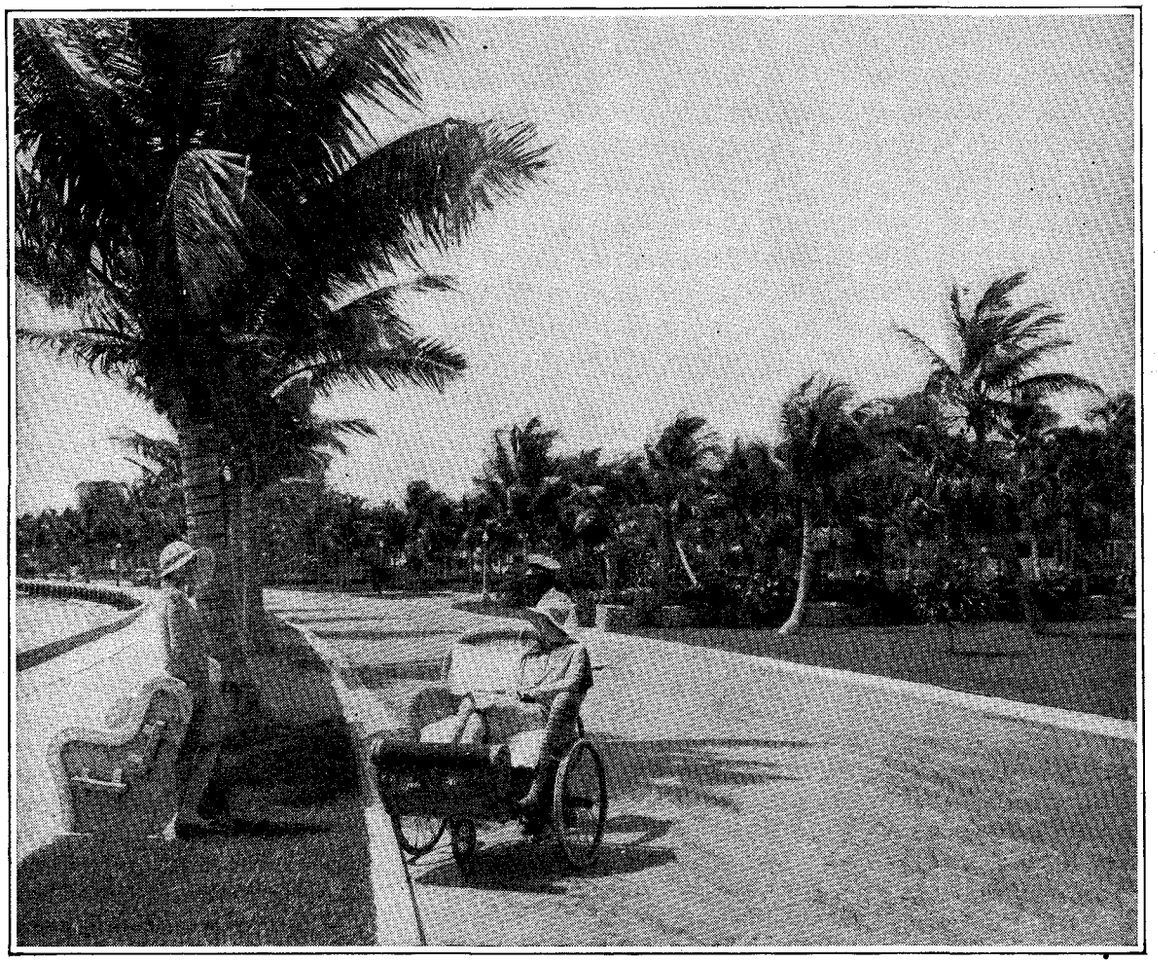
These statements, of course, are many of them simplified beyond strictly scientific accuracy. They are put forward as an advertisement of the truth rather than the truth itself. The new psychology is revolutionizing thought. It is freeing man from many of the misunderstandings of himself that have so long frustrated him, and giving him a conscious control of hidden forces that have betrayed him unawares. This article is written merely as what the Coney Island barker calls a "ballyhoo" for the exhibition of such psychological wonders—and the wise reader will proceed to look into and appraise them for himself.

Foreign Policy on the Half-Shell

(*Continued from Page 1250*)

On the other hand, unless we are prepared to scrap our present set of foreign policies and select a new group, in the same way that a woman buys some new hats for the same reason—not to protect her head but because she is bored with the old ones—there will be no permanent respite. Foreign policies will continue to be dished up on the half-shell all over this broad land, and ladies who are too lazy to read through a single book of American history will flatter themselves that by a slight palpitation of their emotions they are really contributing to public opinion. In the meantime, perhaps the foreign governments will get tired of being fooled by this sort of public opinion and may give up the game of trying to use it to advance their own interests at the cost of the United States. The Department of State, to the credit of its intelligence, has never been worried by the oyster-fork type of diplomacy. It might be well, however, if it took in hand the task of encouraging our people to look at foreign policy in the light of the Constitution of the United States rather than that of a bill of fare.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Courtesy City of West Palm Beach, Fla. *Automobiling Down Palm-Bordered Trails*

Come Where Summer Spends the Winter

BLUE skies reflected in blue seas—sunshine brilliant and as yellow as gold—this is the heritage of the Southland. Complete rest or—36 holes a day; fish that tug the line in splendid struggle—suit your own vacation mood under the Southern sun. Ask our Travel Bureau for suggestions on where to go for this happy holiday from Winter. Write today to

EVA R. DIXON, Director

Outlook and Independent Travel Bureau

120 EAST 16 STREET

LONDON
14 Regent St.

NEW YORK

PARIS
21 Rue Trouchet

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Red Caps

A Tale for Children

Edited by HARRIET E. DAVIS

Illustrated by ARNOLD HALL

HER CHILDHOOD was crammed with adventure. Born in the Himalayas, she left India on her first long voyage at the tender age of three months; in Boise, Idaho, where Father was a pastor, the children dreamed of India's great bungalows and dark-skinned servants, sometimes decking themselves in strange costumes from Mother's closets and loading arms, hands, feet and heads with the gorgeous, queer-smelling jewelry kept in a purple-and-buff basket.

There were long drives across the alkali desert, summer camps in the mountains, riding in a big wagon behind a four-horse team, and all the while endless stories from Mother and Father of dogs, cats, bears, snakes, monkeys, horses, prairies, mountains, the sea and everything else under the sun.

"Curiously enough," writes Mrs. Sheldon, "many of these stories are associated in my memory with odors. Some bring me the fragrance of pine woods, others a whiff of sage-brush. 'Red Caps' smells strongly of buttered graham toast, so Mother probably told it to us at supper! It is something she has always known, perhaps heard in Kansas as a small girl. But when I took my own three youngsters to the island of Penang in Malaysia a few years ago, they all agreed with me that this was where 'Red Caps' had really happened."

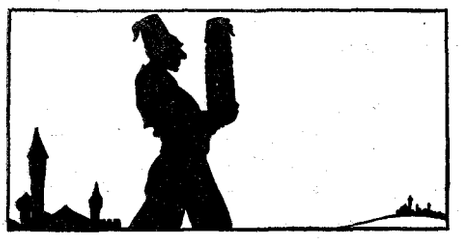
RED CAPS

As Told to Her Own Youngsters

By EUNICE FIFE SHELDON

FAR AWAY across the sea lies a beautiful country where the people always take off their shoes when they pray. The sea is a dark, bright blue and the land is green with grass and bushes and trees.

In this country once lived a cap merchant with a small moustache and a nice black beard who kept a shop in a great



city where there were no motor cars and no churches, but only oxen pulling fancy-curtained carriages through the streets and snow-white mosques lifting fairy towers to heaven.

ONE FINE DAY a cousin in a near-by town sent the merchant an order for caps. Now the man had grown rather tired of sitting cross-legged on the floor all day long, and besides he wanted a visit with his relative, so leaving his shop in charge of an assistant, he set out on foot to the town where his cousin lived.

The better to carry his caps, he had stacked them one inside the other, like paper drinking cups and tied them up in a cloth the size of a dish towel. As he clapped on his red cap and started off in the fresh early morning, the journey seemed great fun, but as the sun shone better, the merchant grew more and more tired, until at last he looked about for a nice shady spot to rest. On the grass under a tree he set his bundle and lay down for a nap, first tucking his own red cap under his elbow.

When he woke, he sat up, clapped his cap on his head and then rubbed his eyes. He looked all about. The bundle was gone! The merchant got up and hunted through the bushes. But all he found, mussed up, was the cloth the size of a dish towel. There wasn't a cap to be seen. In despair at his loss, the merchant groaned and beat his breast. Then from above he heard strange sad sounds like echoes of his own moans. He looked up. The trees seemed to be in blossom—but the blossoms were moving curiously. He looked again. These were no flowers but his own red caps, each on the head of a monkey! Yes, while he slept, a troupe of mischievous monkeys had torn open his bundle and made off with all the cousin's caps.

The merchant did not know what to do. Even if he climbed the trees he could never catch the monkeys. In his anger, he shouted, stamped his foot, shook his fist and waved his arms at the monkeys. He called in his own language:

"Hey! you monkeys! You give back those caps! Understand?"

What the monkeys did understand was that there was something to be angry about. They shook their fists, they waved their arms, they shouted in imitation. But they kept the caps.

Angrier than ever, the merchant picked up stones and threw them into the trees, calling the monkeys very bad names. But the monkeys only broke off leaves and twigs and hurled them at the merchant. Some even grabbed cocoanuts from the palms, and dropped them on his head, screaming such words as I couldn't repeat—all in monkey talk, of course. But they kept the caps. Nor did they show by any sign that they would give them up. They only chattered and screamed from the safety of their trees.

This frightened the merchant—for it hurts to be hit by a cocoanut. In despair he snatched off his own cap and flung it to the ground. Lo and behold, every monkey did the same! On all sides red caps came fluttering down from the trees and settled gently about the feet of the astonished merchant.

"Allah be praised!" he gasped and began gathering them up. Their game over, the chattering monkeys swung away from the tree-tops to fresh playgrounds and new games.

So the merchant stacked all the caps together one inside another, like paper drinking cups, wrapped them in the cloth the size of a dish towel and continued his journey to the home of the cousin who had sent the order.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Outlook and Independent Classified Section

COPY for Dec. 12, Issue due on or before Nov. 28. Phone Stuyvesant 7874 . . . or write
THE OUTLOOK CO.
120 EAST 16th ST. NEW YORK CITY

Rates for Classified Advertisements 60 Cents a Line

Where to Buy or Sell—Where to Travel—How to Travel
Use this Section to Fill Your Wants

Hotels and Resorts

Arizona

RANCHO MANZANITA
Two hours from Douglas Ariz. A hundred thousand dollar guest ranch: Beautiful and modern. Steam heat, concrete swimming pool and tennis courts. Fine riding horses. Outdoor sports and recreation. All year climate. Now open. Wire or write Paul Davis, Mgr. Rancho Manzanita, Douglas, Ariz.

California

SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA
San Ysidro Ranch
California's Famed Foothill Resort
Nestled in the foothills among the orange groves, overlooking valley and sea. Elevation 600 feet. Furnished bungalows, 2 to 7 rooms. Central dining-room. Electricity, hot and cold water. Surf bathing. 20 bathhouses on beach. Tennis, horseback riding. Six miles from historic Santa Barbara, two from ocean and country club. Moderate rates. For folder address San Ysidro Ranch, Santa Barbara, Cal.

Cuba

The Savoy, Havana F Esq. 15. Vedado. American plan. Moderate. Delightfully located. Well run. Rates, details, direct, or Outlook and Independent Travel Bureau.

Connecticut

THE WAYSIDE INN
New Milford, Conn. At foot of Berkshires
Ideal for long stay or week-end. Bright, airy rooms; all modern improvements. Scenic beauty, health, good living. 80 miles from New York. **Mrs. J. E. Castle, Prop.**

District of Columbia

GRACE DODGE HOTEL
WASHINGTON, D.C.
Near the Capitol and the Union Station
Open to men and women.

HOTEL POTOMAC Washington, D. C.
ONE BLOCK SOUTH OF CAPITOL
Quiet location. Moderate rates.

Florida

Atop O' The Hills
246 feet above Sea Level
LAKESIDE INN
Mount Dora, Florida
New Stucco Building—Automatic Sprinklers—Steam Heat—Screened Throughout—Capacious Closets—Golf—Fishing—Motor Boats—Fine Auto Road—Superior Table. $5.00 to $10.00
ARCHIE E. HURLBURT

Qui-Si-Sana Hotel
GREEN COVE SPRINGS, FLA.
On beautiful St. John's River, 30 miles south of Jacksonville. Famous warm sulphur spring, golf and all sports. Every comfort at most moderate cost. Special rates by week or season. Folder O, describing hotel, on request.

New York

Hotel LENOX, North St., west of Delaware Ave., **Buffalo, N.Y.** Superior accommodations: famous for good food. Write director Outlook and Independent Bureau for rates, details, bookings.

Hotels and Resorts

Massachusetts

HOTEL LENOX IN BOSTON
Write to Outlook and Independent Travel Bureau for rates, bookings, and details.

New York City

HOTEL BRISTOL
129-135 W. 48th St., N.Y.
Rooms With Bath
Single—$3—$3.50—$4
Double $5—$6—$7
Evening dinner and Sunday noon . $1.00
Luncheon . . .50
Special Blue Plate Service in Grill Room
For comfort, for convenience to all parts of the metropolis, for its famous dining service come to Hotel Bristol. You'll feel "at home."

Hotel Wentworth
59 West 46th St., New York City
The hotel you have been looking for which offers rest, comfortable appointments, thoughtful cuisine. In the heart of theatre and shopping center, just off Fifth Ave. Moderate. Further details, rates, booklets, direct, or Outlook and Independent Travel Bureau.

Hotel Judson 53 Washington Sq., New York City
Residential hotel of highest type, combining the facilities of hotel life with the comforts of an ideal home. American plan $4 per day and up. European plan $1.50 per day and up.
SAMUEL NAYLOR, Manager

New Jersey

Pudding Stone Inn
Here, close by, but away from the whir of the town, you will find a quiet, restful inn amidst 12 acres of big trees, and where woodsy walks abound, besides comfortable rooms and excellent food. Write for booklet. Open all year. G. N. VINCENT, Boonton, N. J.

North Carolina

MIMOSA INN AND COTTAGES—Tryon N. C. Foothills Blue Ridge Mts. 500 mile trail. Horse-back and golf. Excellently run. Details on inquiry.

Cleveland Springs Hotel, Shelby, N.C. Ideally located. Excellently run. Moderate. Marvelous recuperation spot. Details—Rates on inquiry. H. D. Martin.

Washington

The **CAMLIN**, Seattle's most distinguished hotel. Smartly correct in guest facilities and service at sensibly moderate rates. Illus. brochure on request. H. L. BLANCHER, Mgr.

Tours and Travel

THE beauty, fascination, and mystery of the Orient lures visitors from all over the world to

JAPAN

The quaintest and most interesting of all countries. Come while the old age customs prevail. Write, mentioning "Outlook and Independent" to
JAPAN HOTEL ASSOCIATION
Care Traffic Dept.
JAPANESE GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS
TOKYO
for full information
Rates for a single room without bath and with 3 meals $5-6 in cities and popular resorts, $4-5 in the country

Tours and Travel

EUROPE • 1929
Egypt and Palestine
Monthly Sailings - $865
Vacation Tours--Select Summer Tours
Private Motor Tours
Steamship tickets to all parts of the world.
Cruises. Mediterranean, West Indies. Bermuda
STRATFORD TOURS
452 Fifth Ave., New York

Major Blake's Tours
England and Continent
Cars of every make for hire. Chauffeur or "Drive your own car" arrangement. Offices in leading cities. Free advice. Personal attention. Outlook and Independent Travel Bureau or
199 Picadilly, London, England

Real Estate

Florida

FOR RENT—To refined people. Beautiful, new, large ten room house, handsomely furnished, lovely grounds, lake in rear. Twelve hundred for season. Write Box 764, Sebring, Florida.

Missouri

WEBSTER GROVES
St. Louis' Finest Suburb
Write for map and list of homes and estates. Dependable and courteous real estate service.
WEBSTER GROVES TRUST COMPANY, *Realtors*
Webster Groves, Mo.

North Carolina

SALUDA, N. C.
Furnished Cottages, $20.00 per month. Mild climate, elevation 2250 ft. Henry P. Corwith, Saluda, N. C.

A Mart of the Unusual

Harris Tweed Direct from makers. Ideal sporting material. Any length cut. Samples free. Newall, 127 Stornoway, Scotland

MISCELLANEOUS

TO YOUNG women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a nine months nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

HANDWRITING TELLS CHARACTER—Know your good qualities as well as your faults. Or learn the character of those with whom you are associated. FREE brief reading will convince you. Send sample of your handwriting, in ink, on plain paper TODAY. For complete analysis, enclose three dollars. Address GRAPHOLOGIST, P. O. Box 759, Buffalo, N. Y.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

WANTED: Junior Partner, private boarding school for girls, incorporated, completely equipped, active operation, excellent student group, fine clientele, fortunate location, plans made for larger development. Write National Teachers Agency, 835 Dixie Terminal Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

HOW TO ENTERTAIN

PLAYS, musical comedies and revues, minstrels, comedy and talking songs, blackface skits, vaudeville acts, monologs, dialogs, recitations, entertainments, juvenile plays and songs, musical reading, make-up goods. Catalog free. T. S. Denison & Co., 623 So. Wabash. Dept. 74, Chicago.

HELP WANTED

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nationwide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, permanent, interesting work quick advancement. Write for free book "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite BC—5842, Washington, D. C.

SITUATIONS WANTED

WELL bred, experienced woman desires position as housekeeper. 8796 Outlook and Independent.

EDUCATED, New England woman of quiet tastes, wishes position as companion. Efficient housekeeper, enjoys reading aloud. References. 8783 Outlook and Independent.

REFINED woman exceptional qualifications desires position as housekeeper for business or elderly couple—highest references. 8784 Outlook and Independent.

GOVERNESS—German American, experience, excellent references, capable taking entire charge motherless home, desires position. Cleveland at present. 8785 Outlook and Independent.

NURSE in Children's Home. Specialized in baby care. 8786 Outlook and Independent.

CAPABLE home maker, experienced in charge motherless homes, dependable. 8787 Outlook and Independent.

POSITION as companion to elderly lady, chaperone to young girl, or managing housekeeper. Experienced traveler; companionable. References exchanged. 8789 Outlook and Independent.

EXPERIENCED woman desires position, attendant or companion for invalid or elderly woman going South or to California. M.H., 15 Carrington Avenue, Providence, R. I.

CHEERY young woman wants position as companion—secretary to some one lonely but not gloomy. 8790 Outlook and Independent.

CLERGYMAN, college graduate, former stenographer, desires position private secretary to professional or business man, or other suitable work. Economic reasons for wishing change. 8791 Outlook and Independent.

WIDOW, educated, experienced, desires high class position, companion—housekeeper. Adults. Would travel. Reliable references. 8792 Outlook and Independent.

COMPANION—Chauffeur — housekeeper. Gentlewoman, travelled abroad extensively desires position with elderly lady or gentleman or semi-invalid. 8795 Outlook and Independent.

NURSE wishing to go west. Will take charge of patient for expenses and afterwards if desired. 8780 Outlook and Independent.

AMERICAN lady of refinement as housekeeper, companion, nurse or secretary. 8777 Outlook and Independent.

BOYS WORKER Young man would like position of Boys' Director in Settlement House. Parish, Y. M. C. A., or Tutor-companion. Engaged at present. Well qualified. 8748 Outlook and Independent.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE OUTLOOK
CLASSIFIED SECTION
(Continued)

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

TEACHERS' Register now for mid-year vacancies—Associated Teachers' Agency. 522 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.

STATIONERY

WRITE for free samples of embossed at $2 or printed stationery at $1.50 per box. Lewis, stationer. Troy, N. Y.

BOOKS, MAGAZINES, ETC.

AUTHORS and composers' MSS. of all descriptions required by Arthur Stockwell, Ltd., Publishers, 29 Ludgate Hill, London, England. Established 1898. Advice. Booklets Free.

100,000 Sunday School Workers Yearly Depend on
PELOUBET'S
Select Notes
(55th Annual Volume)
AMOS R. WELLS, Litt.D., LL.D.
BECAUSE—It is supreme in scholarship, interest and true helpfulness and it is adapted for all grades. Prepaid $2.00.

A DAILY DIGEST OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS
AMOS R. WELLS, Litt.D., LL.D.
For Bible Classes—for Men's Classes. Concise treatment with application to modern life. Vest-pocket size. Cloth 35c. Leather 50c.

The Great Bible Question Book
KNOW YOUR BIBLE?
AMOS R. WELLS, Litt.D., LL.D.
1500 questions (answers in back) on text of the Bible and covering the entire Bible. Postpaid $1.00.

THINK ON THESE THINGS
AMOS R. WELLS, Litt.D., LL.D.
Daily meditations for a year. An inspiring thought each day gives courage and strength for the day's tasks. Postpaid $1.50.

EVERYDAY RELIGION
DR. JOHN TIMOTHY STONE
Applied Christianity and the key to happiness. Postpaid $1.50.

At All Booksellers
W. A. WILDE COMPANY
131 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass.

Are you thinking of

Golf and Southern Climes?

THE OUTLOOK Travel Bureau is equipped to offer you valuable assistance in finding just the spot you are looking for. Too, we take on worrisome details for the traveler such as booking

Railways and Steamship Tickets
Reservations in Hotels
Full information on Golf Courses

We offer you this service gratis. Write us your needs.

OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT TRAVEL BUREAU
EVA R. DIXON, Director
120 East 16th Street
New York City

Back to Bread and Circuses

(*Continued from Page 1234*)

Surely our minds must be drugged and our attention scattered when we are so obviously less aware of what is going on than were the adults of 1880.

Even in our most ordinary recurring news events we seem to lose track of that all-important question "What will it mean?" Consider for example the amazing outbreaks of banditry in our larger American cities within the last ten years. I am not agog with interest as I read morning after morning that three masked or unmasked bandits stepped out of an automobile, terrorized a neighborhood, killed one or more persons and escaped with some firm's pay roll. What I want to know after reading this item hundreds of times is *what does it mean? How comes this?* It is something new under the sun. Formerly these things didn't happen every day, and now they do. There must be a reason. That would be the big news. But if you are rushing the noon edition to press with a seven-column streamer, the event will suffice.

When Mr. Whoopee gets a divorce from Mrs. Whoopee because she threw things at him during a cocktail party, I am not keenly interested. I should like to know why so many scores of thousands of divorces are obtained by my countrymen nowadays. That would be news of prime importance. But the newspapers haven't time for that nor do they grant their readers time to evolve through meditation a demand for it. The next edition would be going to press before you could find the answer.

Nothing is farther from my desire than to lay the blame for this condition at the doorsteps of the editors and publishers. If the matter were no more serious than a sudden lapse from high ethical standards on the part of editors the problem would soon cure itself. The truth of the matter is that nearly all of the news and thought of transcendental importance does find its way into print but not into the necessary circulation. It faces an insuperable obstacle in the form of a deluge of printed matter designed to supply an already existing popular demand for goods that will give pleasure in about the same sense that chewing gum and candy give pleasure. The great seriousness of this problem lies in the fact that no cure is readily apparent.

Thus we find ourselves living in a world that whirls busily forward and forever forward at the command of advancing science, while we have almost no means for interpreting this world to the masses. That is a dangerous situation. It means, to put the matter bluntly, that we *do not* really know whether we are whirling forward or not. All we know positively is that we are moving very rapidly. If a situation of that sort continues long enough it is entirely possible for us to find ourselves—as indeed some believe we now are—the slaves of the machine, instead of the machine being our servant. Humanity cannot safely accept new tools and things without at the same time grasping the ideas that go with them. Things are born of ideas. The man who possesses the idea rules the thing it spawned. Otherwise it may rule him. But never before in the world's history have so many millions of people been dependent for the very necessities of life upon things about which they know almost nothing.

We must continually interpret our world to ourselves. But not only have we lost interest in that exercise, we have so organized the machinery for the distribution of thought that it grows increasingly difficult to pioneer a new idea, if it is of revolutionary importance. Suppose it contained the outlines of a new and much better form of government vastly better suited to our present needs than anything now existing. I submit that the only outlet would be through a book. Books ordinarily cost about $2.50 but such a volume would probably cost nearly twice as much. For that price one can obtain a wheelbarrow load of highly diverting printed matter, and not all of it trash either. If such a volume achieved a circulation of 100,000 copies in the whole English-speaking world it would be considered a remarkable success and for at least a few months it would be ranked among the best sellers. Consider, however, the relation between 100,000 copies and the population of the English-speaking world. And then contemplate the present-day opportunities for an idea as compared with those existing when the camel driver launched his. Beginning in his mature years and without reaching extreme old age he overturned the known world almost without the use of the pen, much less rotary presses. That could not be done today though the existence of the race depended upon its hearing and heeding the message. All of the mechanism for the transfer of thought, printing, radio, motion pictures, stage and platform are now devoted primarily to entertainment. The result is confusion and din. We are back in a new age of bread and circuses.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED